The Bystander, May 25, 1921. No. 912. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

AUSTEN—"SELLS THE PASS"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540) 2.30 and 7.45.
MISS CARRIE TUBB, THE DANISH DANCERS, CORAM & "JERRY," TOM CLARE, FLORENCE WRAY & CO., in "THE BRAINWAVE," ENGLISH BALLET, Etc.

COURT. (Ger. 848). Director, J. B. FAGAN.
Every Evening at 7.50.
OTHELLO
MATINÉES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) SYBIL"
JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8.
Matinées, Tuesday and Thursday, at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 6722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

ROYALTY. (Ger. 3855). "PINS & NEEDLES."
A Revue, Produced by ALBERT de COURVILLE.
ALFRED LESTER. EDMUND GWENN,
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903). "EMMA."
A light Comedy by Herbert Thomas.
MATINÉES,
Every MON., TUES., THURS. & FRI, at 2.30.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY.
KYRLE BELLEW
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, WED and THURS. at 2.30.

OLYMPIA. ROYAL TOURNAMENT.
Patron—His Most Gracious Majesty the King.
May 19th to June 4th at 2.30 and 8.0 p.m.
Reserved seats can now be booked.
Box Offices 10 to 6. Olympia (Addison Rd. Ent.) Tel. Hamm. 2720.
66, Victoria St. Tel. Vict. 9755, and Principal Booking Agents.
Reserved seats 5/6 to 15/- including tax.
Boxes 5 to 8 Guineas.

TRIUMPH

Care free is the owner of a Triumph Cycle touring the countryside.

Ease of running and reliability are features of this famous machine and add greatly to the pleasures of the outing. Ladies' and Gents' Models at prices ranging from **£14 17s. 6d.**

Triumph Motor-cycles have since the beginning of the industry maintained a foremost position. They can be obtained on the Hire Purchase System throughout Great Britain - particulars on application.

Cycle or Motor Catalogue Post Free.

Triumph Cycle Co., Ltd.
Coventry.
Agents Everywhere.

Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition: Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3/6, 7/-. 10/6.**

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects, and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores Chemists and **ROWLAND'S,** 112, Guilford Street, London. W.C.1.

P&O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services

EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, MAURITIUS, SIAM, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA &c &c.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14. Cockspur St., London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter).
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SPECIALLY REQUIRED.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand.
Secretary—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

PARENTS OF BOYS 15 years and under should obtain particulars of an attractive enterprise, under which the investment of £2 000 will provide an ideal career, in which the minimum earnings should be £1,500 per annum, while loss of the invested capital is rendered practically impossible. African Realty Trust, Limited. (Capital £400,000, fully subscribed), 38h, New Broad Street London, E.C.2.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including 'Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months ...	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months ...	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

In all cases including Postage

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

THE GRAPHIC

Price ONE SHILLING.

The Royal Tournament

Exclusive Pictures.

THE TRAINING OF A DERBY WINNER

Described by "REDSHANK."

Mailey's Cricket Sketches.

THE WOMAN OF THE PICTURE

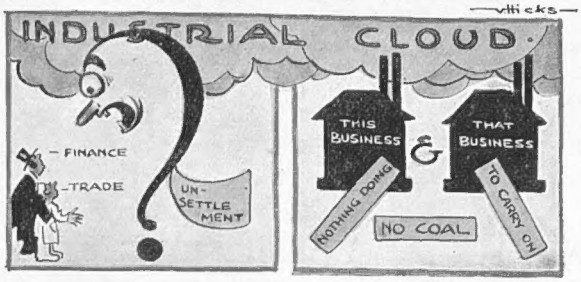
A Short Story by MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

The Graphic is readable from Cover to Cover.

Ready Thursday, May 26

BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

Different coloured hair for each moment of the day



Coal question still a matter of uneasiness

We suffer from a slump, but you needn't have the hump

By Victor Hicks

For Olympia is full of bright and breeziness

An Exhibition of Failures

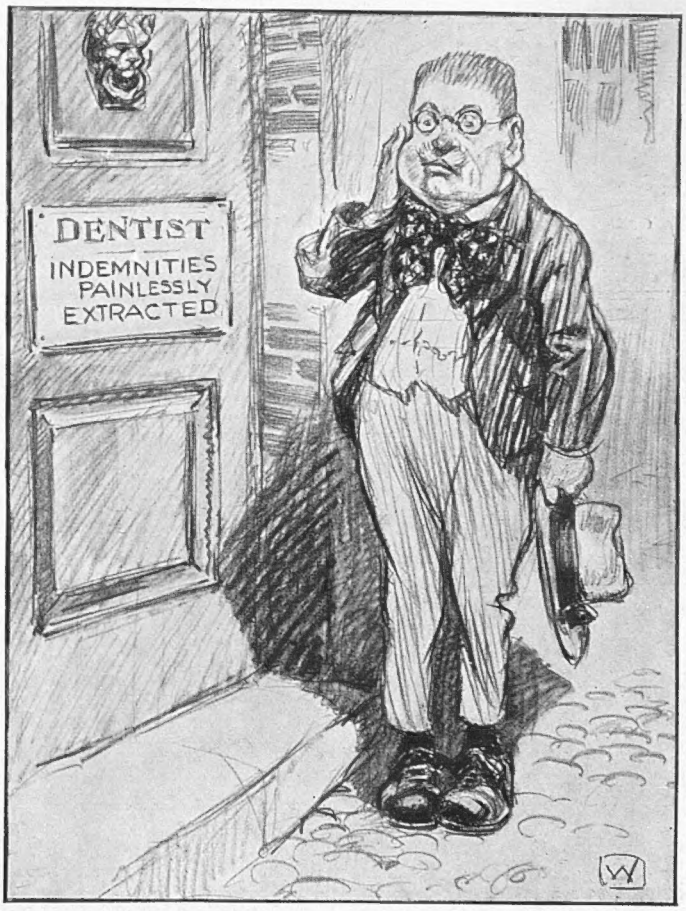
PERSONALLY, I do not think that a *salon des refusés* will appeal very strongly to the British temperament. People may go out of curiosity to see the first exhibition, but in nothing more than in art does the crowd demand some sort of a hall-mark. If the Guildhall would run an annual exhibition of modern British art it would be an excellent thing. Our artists certainly have not sufficient opportunity of exhibiting; but, from a commercial point of view, I doubt whether it will pay them to appear as the rejected from another show. "Nothing succeeds like success" may be a trite old saying, but there's a lot of truth in it. Let our artists succeed in getting into the Guildhall rather than enter by failure at Burlington House.

Sunbronzed Londoners

FOR several days after the Whitsun holidays the effects of the brilliant sunshine of the Saturday and Monday were very evident all over London in the red chests and faces of the blouse-and-jumper-wearing part of the population. The male cockney does not seem so susceptible to sunburn. A scientific correspondent pointed out that owing to the coal stoppage and the holiday combined, the London atmosphere was so clear of smoke that the burning rays of the sun—the violet and ultra-violet rays—were no longer filtered out, so that you could get "a good, honest sunburn in Bond Street or Piccadilly." I daresay this might be so if the conditions of powerful sun and smokeless atmosphere prevailed for a long period. But it seemed to me that our real Londoners just caught the usual fleeting red scorch. When you see a really sunburned man or woman in London it is fairly safe to bet that the tan has been acquired outside. London children, however, do seem able to get properly browned.

Will Beer Solve Coal Dispute?

HAVE we at last found a way out of the coal trouble? I read last week that "owing to the shortage of coal at local breweries, there is a beer famine in the Notts district, many publicans exhibiting 'no beer' cards." This ought to bring home to the densest mind the folly of the whole business. But as South Wales, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, had one of the biggest money-spending Whitsun holidays in its history, in spite of the tens of thousands of men out of work, one remains puzzled. The miner who addressed a meeting in Lady Markham's drawing-room recently seems to have been wrong in his estimate of how colliers during their boom put by for a rainy day. He declared that the proof they did so could be seen from the fact that to-day they are selling seventy-guinea pianos for £14, and sacrificing plush chairs at ridiculous prices. Pianos and plush chairs may, of course, be regarded as investments, but the South Wales colliers had cash at Whitsun. The *Westminster Gazette* tells us how a couple from the Rhondda Valley "brandished wads of Bradburys" in a



By W. E. Wigfull

PAINFUL, NO DOUBT, BUT NECESSARY

"Ach, Himmel! I suppose it to go has got!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Swansea street on Monday night, and declared they were going to stay until they had spent them.

The "Chef" for the National Gallery?

I SHOULD think that Sir William Orpen must be rather tired, if not annoyed, by the discussion as to whether the Chantry Bequest Fund has purchased his "Chef" for the nation. At the moment of writing some papers claim to know "officially" that it has been so purchased. Others are equally "official" in declaring that it has not. And so it has been going on for days. I wonder if Sir William would really like it to be acquired for the nation. M. Mourey, the great French critic, says that it is not such a fine example of Orpen's work as other pictures of his in the present exhibition. Many artist friends of mine, while greatly admiring the picture, very distinctly agree with M. Mourey. I do not pretend to be a judge, but surely the very best should be bought for the nation, for the sake both of the nation and the artist. Perhaps the matter will be settled by the time this is in print. No doubt it is the subject that has appealed to the public—certainly the bottle of stout and the two chops should feel at home in a British gallery.

More Trouble in Clubland

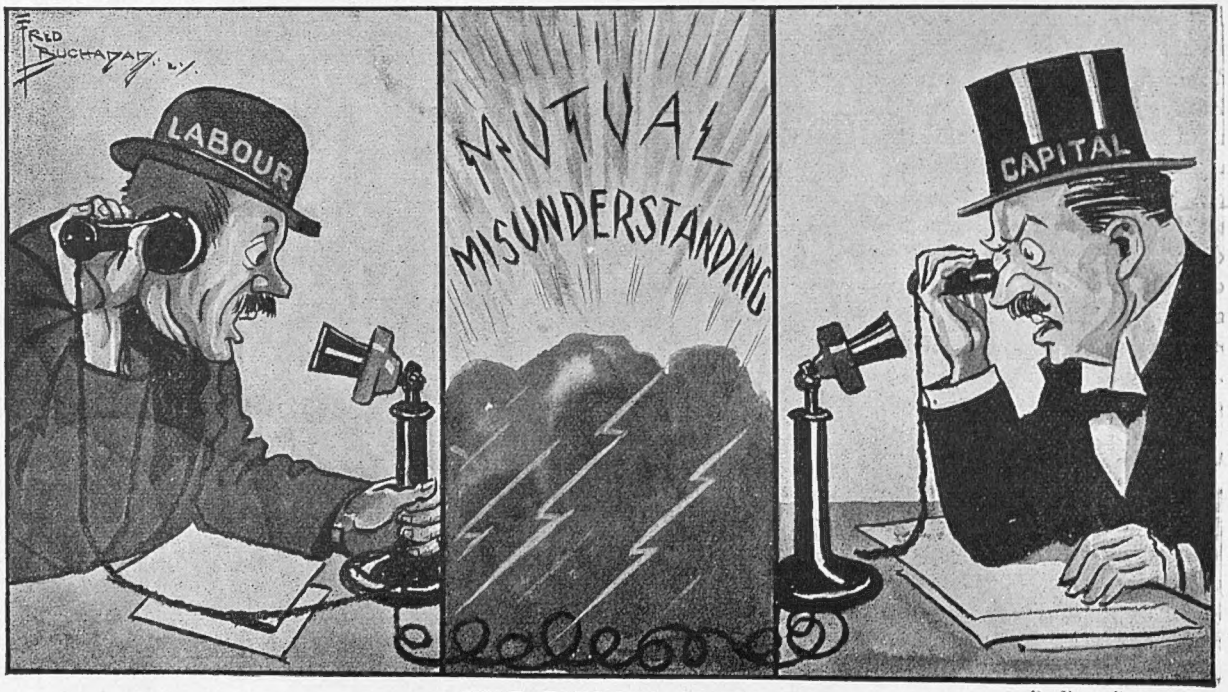
AGAIN one hears talk of certain clubs being in such low water that amalgamation is considered the only method of preservation. I fear very few clubs could amalgamate successfully. Clubs generally hate their visitors at "cleaning" time, and the visitors cordially dislike their hosts. Amalgamating clubs would probably be very like doing the same thing with newspapers. The weaker of the two would be more or less decently interred in the stronger—and as this would happen without much strengthening of the latter, the old trouble would remain. It is, alas! the "new poverty" that is destroying the old clubs.

"MAKERS OF THE NEW WORLD"

IN Sunday's issue the *Sunday Times* published the first part of a portrait sketch of Mr. Lloyd George forming one of the series, "Makers of the New World," By One Who Knows Them, a series which is arousing much comment and interest in all circles. Mr. Lloyd George, who is described as the doyen of the Peace Conference, is the one figure who, whilst surviving the whole of the War, was still able to hold his authority from beginning to end of the Peace Conference. There are many piquant and interesting passages in this sketch of the Premier, which, incidentally, disposes once and for all of the suggestion that Mr. Lloyd George is ignorant about books. The information about the Premier's library is, in itself, enough to warrant widespread interest in the article. There are many other good things which, combined with an intimate knowledge and discerning pen, make this contribution one of the most interesting of the series.

The Unholy Alliance

LAST week's Sinn Fein outrages in London, coming almost immediately after the Aldershot rioting, are a further indication of the widespread character of Communistic devilment. During the War, Sinn-Fein was hand in glove with Germany, until the latter had no further use for her, and cast her off in the person of the late Roger Casement. Now it seems clear that the Bolshevic is making a tool of the would-be Irish Republicans. I would have thought that Sinn Fein had learned a lesson over her *entente* with the Hun. Apparently she has not. But she certainly seems to be most unfortunate in her choice of partners. With her it is a case of out of frying-Pan-Germany into the "red" hot flames of Lenin and Trotsky! The Bolshevic, no doubt, professes a very fiery ardour for his friends while they are of any use to him, but



THAT ELECTRIC STORM

BY FRED BUCHANAN

BOTH: "Perhaps we shall get through when the storm clears away!"

Max and After

THE TRUTH WILL OUT

J. H. THOMAS (in New York): "No one regrets my leaving England as much as I do"

IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

Master William Shakespeare exulteth in the rude discomfiture of his old antagonist, one Fairfax-Lucy, Justice of the Peace, of Charlecote Park, Stratford-on-Avon, who has been mulcted in a fine for over-much purchasing of coale

MYSELF:

"And I have come thus far to secure privacy! Shall I murder him? No, he may go to the Leicester Galleries and even buy an original"

By E. T. Reed

THE DESPAIR OF THE EXPERTS

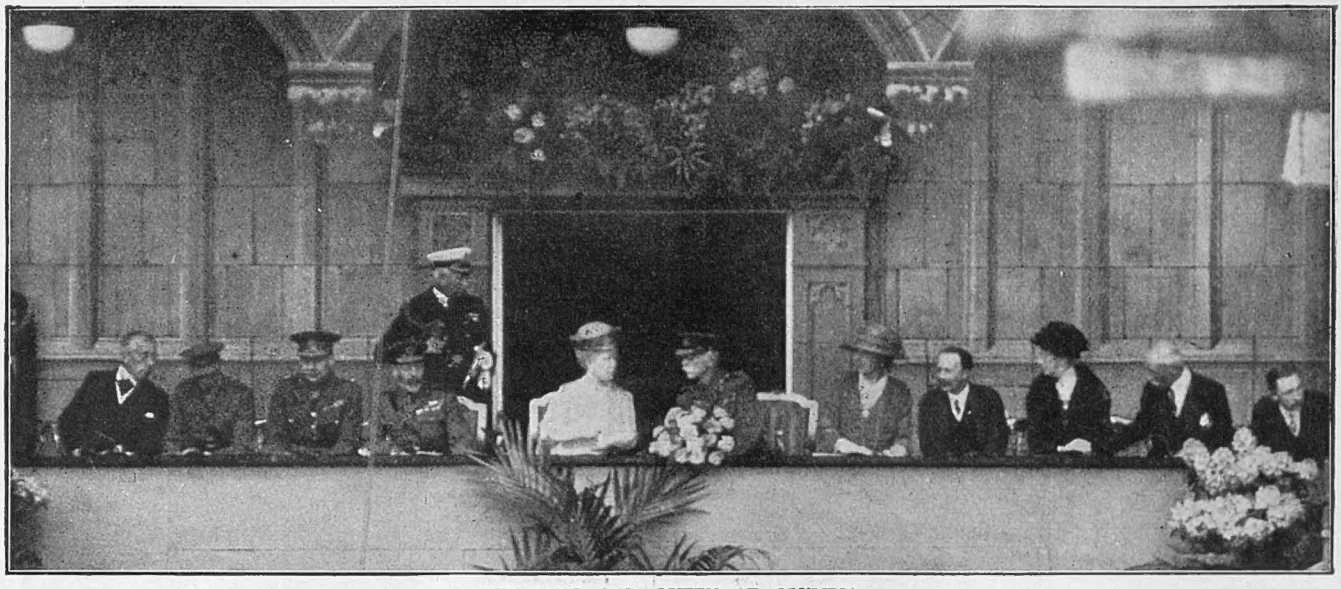
SHAW: "My de-ar Epstein, how does he do it? I ask you, how does he do it?—without Jaeger and without blasphemy, too!"

SOME CARICATURES *NOT* ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

when they fail to be his ideas of honour would disgrace a Bengal tiger.

The International Horse Show

THERE is every prospect that, both in quality and quantity, the various jumping contests at the International Horse Show, which opens at Olympia on June 18 will be better than ever. Officially selected officers of the armies of Belgium, France, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Spain, and Sweden have already been entered by their Governments. The French Army is the holder of the King George V. Gold Cup, and Sweden won the Prince of Wales' Cup last year. The Italians are sending eight officers and twenty-four horses, while Spain will be represented by five officers and fifteen horses.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT OLYMPIA

Their Majesties, together with Prince Henry, formally opened the Royal Tournament at Olympia on Thursday last. The royal party was received by Major-General G. D Jeffreys. The King spent a considerable time in the arena chatting with the officers and inspecting the guard of honour

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

"Max"

CARICATURE formerly was a much-followed art. Nowadays all its subtlety and humour seems to be left in the hands of Max Beerbohm. If you go to the Leicester Galleries you can sip deep of a double joy—you can laugh at the absurdities of your friends, captured by Max's uncanny pencil, and you can rejoice in the exposure, by the same pencil, of the fatuities of your enemies.

It isn't fair to mention names, but at the private view the faces of some of Max's "studies" as they gazed upon his presentment of themselves were really funnier than the caricatures themselves I think the funniest and most probing of all the drawings is that of Winston Churchill and Mr. H. G. Wells, dressed as school-boys, having a row. The legend below runs:—

WINSTON: "You were only fourteen days in Russia!"

WELLS: "Your mother's an American!"

And if that isn't the very essence of the sort of argument that has been going on between these two, I ask you to give me another instance.

A Family Relationship

THESE caricatures are the most amusing and brilliant things we have had since Max Beerbohm's last exhibition. He stands quite alone in this particular *genre*. Yet taken as a whole, these drawings remind one irresistibly of a story of a relative of his own by marriage

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

VICTORIOUS CAPTAIN

Mr. Walter Buckmaster, after defeating the American Polo Team at Hurlingham, with his daughters, Beryl, on the left, and Eulalie. He "skippered" the Freebooters to success

—a lady. After she had given her opinion of another lady the man to whom she was speaking, said:—

"How can you be so spiteful?"

"I, spiteful? That is absurd!" the lady answered.

"But you have the reputation of being the most spiteful woman in London," the man retorted, hotly.

The lady crossed her hands meekly over her bosom, "How dreadful!" she murmured, "How really dreadful! I always hoped that people thought I wasn't half as spiteful as I felt!"

A Sports Summer

IF you asked me my private opinion as to what will be the distinguishing feature of this season I should answer without hesitation—games and sports of every kind.

Débutantes may languish, and be deeply disgruntled because the Courts are receding further and further away, but they don't languish sufficiently to prevent their rushing off to Ranelagh and Hurlingham nearly every day for

Photograph *Central News*

EARL BEATTY

Who played at Roehampton for the Wanderers v. the Club

tennis and golf. It is one of the curious things of this present year of grace that no matter what engagement girls (and the young men who still have the leisure) may have in the afternoon or evening they get in some game or other in the morning. One lady who was getting up a charity entertainment has had to abandon the whole thing because nearly all the girls who were helping are so deep in tennis and golf that they can't scratch time for rehearsals. Summer has seized them—and when it isn't Ranelagh or Hurlingham, it's the river, and then, of course, the polo this year is a tremendous attraction.

Well, when all is said and done, I'm not so sure but that an "open-air" season is not better all round

Photograph *Bertram Park*

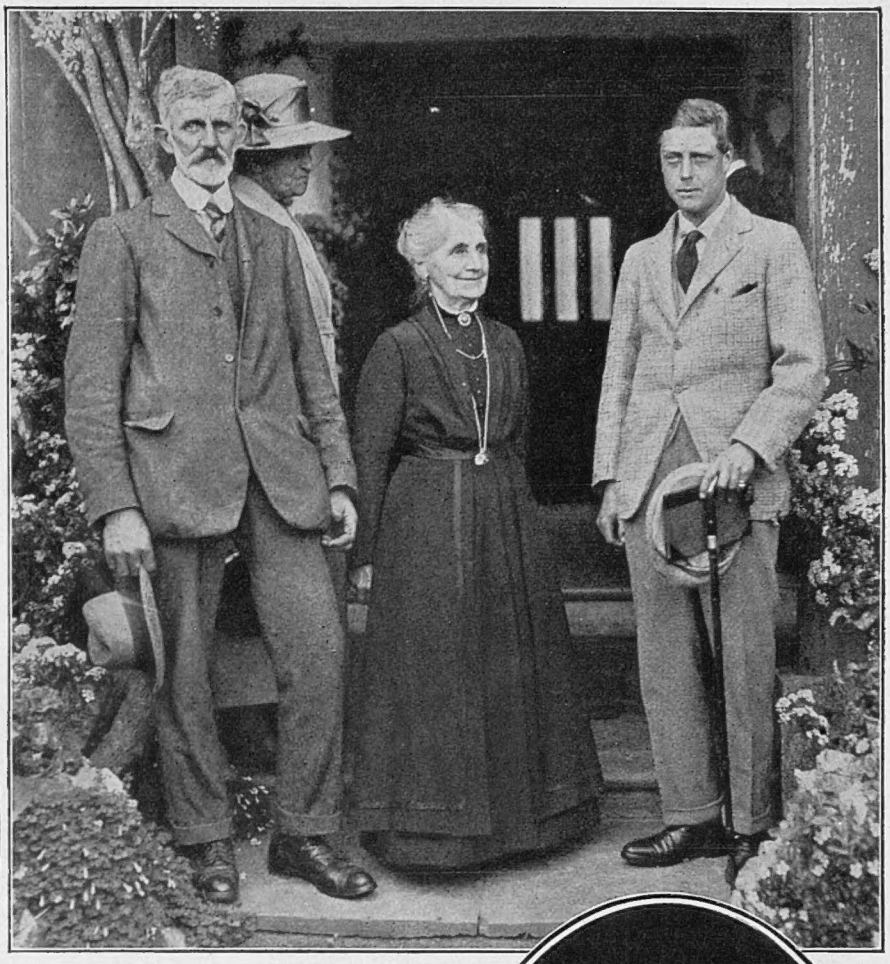
LADY IRENE CHARTERIS

Whose engagement to Lord Windsor, the Earl of Plymouth's heir, has just been announced. Lady Irene is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss. Lord Windsor was a captain in the Worcestershire Yeomanry during the War

than the endless rush of luncheons, teas, dinners, and dances. All the young folk tell me it is much jollier, and although there are still a certain number of mothers who cling to the belief that the London season is the "Open Sesame" to matrimony, there's no doubt about it that games prepare the path to the altar, nowadays, far more quickly and effectually than dances, and all the old shibboleths, such as "We must have a house in London for the season. It is only fair to give the dear girls a chance." Besides, match-making is being slowly squeezed out of the mothers' curriculum.

Hansoms

MIDDLE-AGED folk can all remember standing firmly planted on the kerb waiting for an "S. & T." hansom, and patiently bearing the abuse—as



Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN DEVON

Last week the Prince of Wales paid a visit to his Devonshire Duchy and inspected its many interesting features, including the farmhouse at Hayes Barton, where Sir Walter Raleigh was born. He is standing with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, the tenants of the farm

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY

Mr. Martin Hall, of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and Miss Dorothy Macready, a cousin of Sir Nevil Macready, after their wedding

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Miss B. Surtees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aubone A. Surtees, of Dinsdale Manor, Co. Durham, whose wedding to the Hon. Standish Robert Vereker, younger son of the late Viscount Gort and Eleanor, Viscountess Gort, will take place soon

highly coloured as any language used by us all in Flanders—of drivers of hansoms that were not "S. & T." The letters stood for Shrewsbury and Talbot, and it was the late Lord Shrewsbury who put those hansoms on the streets—gliding, delightful vehicles with indiarubber tyres.

I remember very well the burst of ridicule with which they were

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

received. The indiarubber would not last a week; the wheels would slip on wet roads; there would be bad accidents, etc., etc. But nothing of the kind happened, and the new hansom became so popular that its predecessor with the iron rims to its wheels speedily disappeared, crushed out of existence by the determination of even timid old ladies and retired colonels newly home from India to drive in nothing but the indiarubber-tyred vehicle.

The New Premier Earl

By his marriage to Mrs. Miller Mundy there were two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, Lord Ingestre, married Lord Anglesey's sister, Lady Winifred Paget. He died during the War, and his widow married, two years later, Mr. Richard Pennoyer, an American diplomatist—one of the rare instances of an Englishwoman of high rank marrying an American. Lady Winifred Pennoyer's only son by her first marriage, the seven-year-old Lord Ingestre, now succeeds to the oldest earldom in England and the oldest earldom in Ireland.

Both earldoms are close upon five hundred years old, the Earldom of Shrewsbury dating from 1442, and the Earldom of Waterford from 1446. The second title of Talbot is a barony conferred in the eighteenth century. It is a curious history, isn't it? And now an American is step-father to the holder of the oldest titles in England and Ireland!

By J. H. Dowd

THE ONE AND ONLY MAX

An Engagement

If the death of Lord Shrewsbury recalls memories of the olden days, the announcement of the engagement of Lord Windsor to Lady Irene Wemyss brings back old memories, too, but of a different kind.

First there is the memory of the *fiancée's* grandfather, the veteran Lord Wemyss, who only missed his hundredth birthday by four years, and who as Lord Elcho—the second title of the family—did more than anybody else to popularise the once-despised "Volunteers," afterwards merged into the Territorials, and who founded the Elcho Shield for shooting.

On Lord Windsor's side there is one of the most interesting personalities in Europe, his grandmother, Lady Paget, widow of the Sir Augustus Paget, who was Ambassador in Vienna, and the first British Ambassador sent to Italy after the Unification.

Lady Paget was a lady-in-waiting to the Empress Frederick when she was Crown Princess of Prussia, and it was whilst she was in attendance upon her Royal mistress she met Sir Augustus, then a young diplomat in our Embassy at Berlin. For many years after her husband's death, Lady Paget lived at Florence, where her beautiful villa, Bello Squedro, was the meeting-place of all that was intellectual in cosmopolitanism.

Her daughter married Lord Windsor, afterwards created Earl of Plymouth, and at Hewell Grange she has carried on the tradition of *la vie intellectuelle* created by her mother in our Embassies at Rome and Vienna, and in the beautiful Florentine Villa Lord Windsor is the second and only surviving son of Lord and Lady Plymouth.

Amenities Feminine

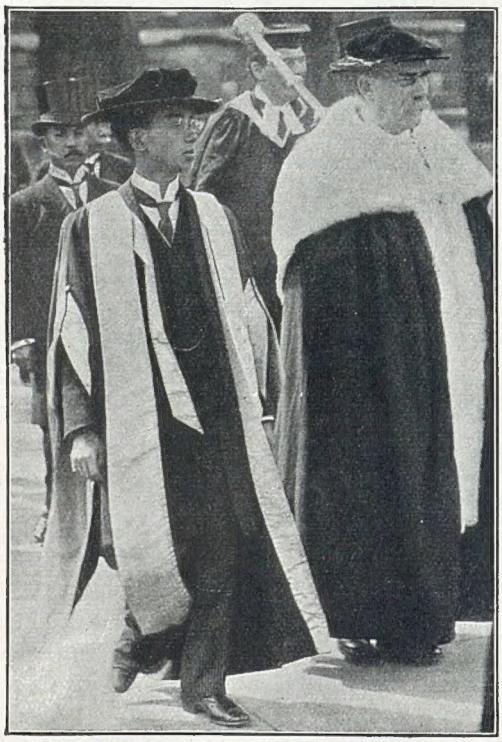
The pathway of the young actress who achieves sudden fame is not all roses—that is with her fellow actresses.

Recently a somewhat elderly lady of the stage who has viewed the "sudden rise" of a very young woman to all the joys and applause of stardom with what we will call, for civility's sake, "mingled feelings," said to the "star"—

"Ah, my dear, you will know how to make that speech at the end of the second act, when you have been on the stage as long as I have."

"But you have been on the stage for years and years," replied the "star." "Oh, my dear, I hope to have made enough to retire upon *long, long* before that."

First speaker left gnashing her teeth.



Photograph *L.N.A.*

PRINCE HIROHITO AT CAMBRIDGE

The Crown Prince of Japan walking beside the Vice-Chancellor in his new gown of red in the procession to the Senate House at Cambridge University, where he received an honorary LL.D.

Photograph *Photo Press*

AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

Mrs. Asquith and her son Anthony were among the many very distinguished visitors to the private view of Max Beerbohm's exhibition

A MATTER OF FACT

AT THE COMEDY.

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

At one moment in the course of this play one of the characters remarks that she hopes they are not going to discuss the old puzzle about that man's father being my father's son. Nevertheless, something of the kind does take place. But—as the novelists say—I anticipate. Sir Philip Marlow, Baronet, county landowner and Lord Lieutenant, has an old friend named Hethcote, who has just married a divorced woman.

Hethcote assures Sir Philip that the lady never did anything really wrong. But she got divorced all the same, and he has now married her. He is saddened to observe that the county people are turning up their noses at himself and his wife, and this display of nasal gymnastics is making them both very uncomfortable. So the next time Sir Philip sees Lady Marlow about the house he says he would be very pleased if she would call on the Hethcotes just to give a friendly lead to the other county folk in the neighbourhood. Lady Marlow is amused rather than shocked at the suggestion. To begin with, it isn't done. And besides, what would become of her own social position in the county if she were to defy the conventions to such an extent?

Then we come to what is apparently the purpose of the play, which is to point the moral that people who live in glass-houses should not, as it were, drop a brick. It is revealed to us that Lady Marlow has a private and confidential past which is far more lurid than that of her divorced and remarried neighbour. But it seems to me that here the author, Mr. Ernest Cecil, has got himself mixed up in a little *non sequitur*, and other playful Latin words like that.

Lady Marlow's past is painted such a fierce black that it positively has a gloss on it; but that fact does not seem to help the argument forward in any way. Lady Marlow would not pay that call, not because she objected to Mrs. Hethcote's morals, but because the county would frown on such a proceeding. Therefore, so far as I can see, if her past had been painted so dark that somebody would want to use it as an advertisement for black-lead, her objection to paying the call would remain sound in logic.

DORIS LYTTON AS BEATRICE SINCLAIR.

PAMELA COOPER AS PAULINE

FRANCIS LISTER AS EGERTON CHILTERN.

HAVING thus cleared the air—or made it still foggier, as may be decided—I respectfully invite attention to a little scandal. As we have the details from the lips of Lady Marlow herself, we must admit that they come from a very reliable authority. At the age of eighteen, Lady Marlow loved — or thought she loved—a man. As there was a child, she might, perhaps, have thought twice about it. After the birth of her child she became so frightened about what had happened to her that she ran away and left the man to nurse the baby, always an inconsiderate thing to do, because a man can never tell for certain where the pins ought to go. After a while Lady Marlow conveniently forgot this little indiscretion of her girlhood, and married Sir Philip. This time she was sure she was in love. Indeed, Sir Philip admits that in the course of the twenty odd years of their married life they have never had a serious difference. Lady Marlow has always done as she wished, and Sir Philip has always acquiesced in her decisions, and if you can't maintain harmony in the home that way, the incompatibility must be something awful.

SIR PHILIP and Lady Marlow have been blessed with three children, two girls and a boy. But it is with Pauline, the eldest girl, that we are concerned. She has been sent on a trip to India to complete her education, and she completes it so thoroughly that she succeeds in capturing a very eligible young man named Egerton Chiltern, whom she brings home and shows triumphantly to the family, as they all do when they have got off at last. About this time a sort of Vampire appears on the scene. She is a Mrs. Barter, and she is described on the programme as "a Widow and Adventuress." Either of these descriptions is a danger signal; but a combination of the two necessarily makes the lady very formidable indeed. She knows all about Lady Marlow's past because her husband was the doctor who officiated at the ceremony, and the price of her silence will be—Five hundred pounds. Just that. Most people cannot afford to pay down so large a sum as this to keep the ladies from talking too much, and hence—but I digress. Lady Marlow at once writes out a cheque for the amount with the ease and grace of a bloated capitalist who will never miss a trifle like that; and then we come to the unpleasant part of the play. That is to say, the Vampire then alleges that the child that was born to Lady Marlow, when she loved not

AURIOL LEE AS MRS BARTER

EVA MOORE AS LADY MARLOW

NORMAN McKINNEL AS SIR PHILIP

wisely but too well, is Egerton Chiltern, the young man who is engaged to be married to Lady Marlow's daughter, Pauline. I ask you!

o

It is then clear that Lady Marlow's little sin has come home not only to roost, but to cackle as well. This unholy match must of course be prevented at all costs. Lady Marlow imagines she can extricate herself from the difficulty by protesting that she thinks her daughter is too young to be engaged, and had better wait a year or two before deciding. She hopes in that way to be able to keep the young people apart, so that in time they will forget each other, and harmony will reign in the home once more.

o

But the first obstacle is that, for once in his life, Sir Philip does not agree with her. He has rather taken to his prospective son-in-law; and as for Pauline, she tells her mother flat that if she cannot marry Egerton Chiltern with full parental consent, she will just elope and leave it at that. So, by degrees, the poor woman is forced to reveal the real source of her objection to the match. When Egerton Chiltern asks what she has against him she cries out that she is his mother, and then falls in a swoon at his feet. This takes place in a powerful scene most admirably acted by Miss Eva Moore and Mr. Francis Lister; and I am not concealing the truth when I admit that I found it a little painful as well.

A little later, the Vampire calls again for another instalment on account, and Sir Philip receives her personally, and wrings from her the confession that she got that five hundred under false pretences, as Lady Marlow's child died in infancy, and Egerton Chiltern is the son of a lady who was sister to his aunt who is related to the Hethcotes by marriage. When the young man's parentage has been finally settled—I expect they worked it out on the back of an envelope with a stub of pencil when we were not looking—Sir Philip, who seems to have been a nice, trustful gentlemen right from the very first, agrees to forgive and forget, and the curtain falls on that. Sir Philip is represented by Mr. Norman McKinnel with his usual painstaking excellence, and, indeed, the acting all round is on a singularly high level.

o

At the same time I do not see quite what the very sad story proves. Certainly, Lady Marlow was not entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life, but I agree with her that she ought not to have been asked to call on Mrs. Hethcote. I hate to appear pig-headed, but I should like to be allowed to insist on that. JINGLE

Nursery Rhymes for Coal-less Times

Perseverance Rewarded

Little Jack Horner
Groped in a corner
Looking for coal on the sly,
He gave a great jump
When he spotted a lump,
And said "What a smart boy am I!"

Good for the Gas Company

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get some more coal for the fire,
When she saw there was none
She commissioned her son
To get her a gas stove on hire.

An Excellent Plan

Little Miss Muffet*
Sat in the buffet
Eating her meals all day,
She had run out of coal,
So the poor little soul
Thought this was the easiest way.

* Pronounce "Moofy" for this occasion only.

A Paying Game

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a load of old dust,
They brought it down,
And for half-a-crown
They sold it as "genuine coal-dust."

Empty!

Mary, Mary, quite contrairey
How is your cellar now?
From Derby Brights and Kitchen Nuts
It is painfully free somehow!

Portable Heat

Mary had a little lamp,
Its flame was blue as blue,
And everywhere that Mary went
It warmed her through and through.

She took the lamp to school one day,
And set it on the floor,
Her dress caught fire and she was ev-
En warmer than before!

W. Hodgson Burnet

A TELEPHONE TANGLE By Victor Hicks

"Auntie, did you ever get a proposal?"

"One, dear; he asked me to marry him over the telephone, but he had the wrong number"

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

From a daily paper: "He wore spats, each on the wrong foot." That, of course, is easy, but we challenge him to wear one on the wrong foot and the other on the right.

* * * *

There is, it appears, no foundation for the rumour that a play is shortly to be produced which contains no reference to divorce.

* * * *

"All women police," reports a morning paper, "are now compelled to do patrol duty in two shifts." In view of the urgent need for economy, and—well, I mean to say, what?

* * * *

M.P.'s are to receive first-class railway passes to and from their constituencies. We don't mind the "to," but strongly object to the "from."

* * * *

The latest fashionable shade is "Spanish-onion-colour." Enough to bring tears to the eyes of a husband.

The Reformation of the Cuckoo

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The latest scheme for discouraging cuckoos from laying eggs in other birds' nests when the owners are looking the other way

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

EPIDEMIC OF THE GROUSES

MES AMIS—

THE air has all of the week been thick with the grouses. It has been the grousers, which I think you call them, who have made the most of the noise. It has not been a single *actualité* that has escaped the *critiques amers*. What has been all the matter I have not accomplished to discover, unless there has been a new malady in the bad cooking. It is to be hoped that this epidemic of the untender steaks will quickly go to pass, for the gaiety of France does depend on the comfort of the stomach.

IT has not mattered whether it has been Napoleon, or Jeanne d'Arc, or Georges Carpentier. Each one has had the celebrations. But if the one which has been honoured had been asked for the opinions I am sure there would have been the similar reply—that one would have done without the roses in order to be spared from the cabbages. I have just come to read one of these criticisms where the writer has broken all of the rules. He has gone so far as to use two of the *héros nationaux* to throw at the head of the third. *Pauvre* Georges Carpentier! It is rather unkind to have hurled at him at once such heavy-weights in the heroism as Jeanne d'Arc and Napoleon. Just because the departure of Georges to America, to take away the championship of the world from Jack Dempsey, has brought crowds of the hero-worshippers to the Gare St. Lazare to give the shake-hand and beg the autograph.

THE angry critic has had the peculiar opinion that the demonstration for the happy Georges—which has had the merit to be spontaneous—has taken the *éclat* from the ceremonies of Napoleon and Jeanne d'Arc. It is, of course, not exact. But the critic—who has signed himself by the name of "Uncle"—has so clearly been misinformed about the position of Georges that it is not a wonder he has believed he is a competitor for the glory against the Pucelle and the Petit Caporal. *C'est bien évident* that one has pulled at the leg of "Uncle" when he can write that not any Frenchman or French-woman will be able to get the sleep if Georges does not put Jack Dempsey knock-out. One well knows there has been in France much progress in the sport. But it has not made the progress like all that. Our Georges can, of course, take the comfort that the Great Corsican and the Maid of Orleans—these strange rivals that the worried "Uncle" has imagined for him—have had to bear the slings and the arrows. They have even had to endure the ordeal of the counter-demonstrations by the Ultra-Republicans and the Communists.

"Not a French-woman will be able to sleep if . . ."

"And beg the autograph"

IT is, perhaps, the most quaint among the grouses that of the bold and clever thief who has stolen the necklace of pearls, *valeur* 400,000 *francs*, from the jewel-shop at the corner of the Place Vendôme. One will remember that in the elegant and the confident manner with which he has walked with it out of the establishment, before the eyes of all the staff, he has been worthy to be called Arsène Lupin. Well, that is the nature of his complaint—that he must be known by a name which is not his own.

IT seems that he has a press-agent. This press-agent has written a description of the agonies of the master in that he must remain anonymous. It is pointed out that the

(Continued on page 448)

A Queen in Command

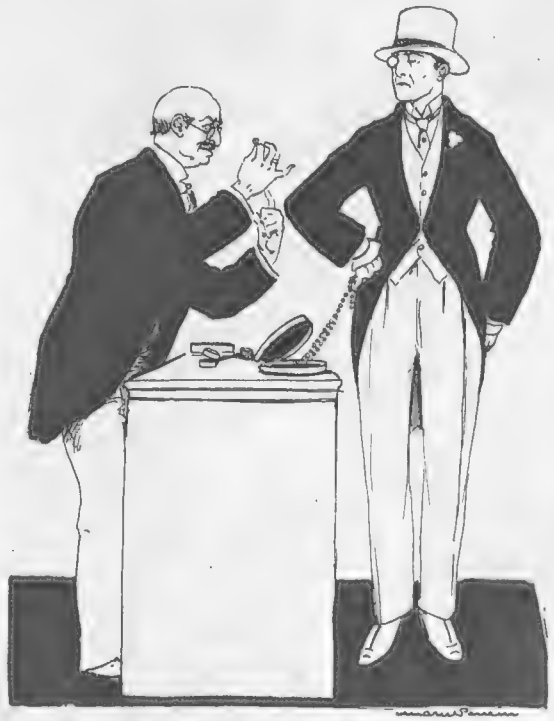
Photograph *Topical Press*

QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN

At the head of the Victoria Eugénie Regiment of Hussars at Valladolid, The Queen is Hon, Colonel of the Regiment, and is here seen in full-dress uniform at recent manœuvres

expert has had not a little of pleasure to find that the exploit has been reported with so much prominence in the journals, and that tribute has been paid to the *finesse* with which it has been accomplished. But there are imposed upon him the limitations which do not hamper such figures in the public eye as Mlle. Cecile Sorel or Carpentier. He is as much an "ace" in his *métier* as they are in theirs, he has contended. Yet no journal has published his biography or photograph in the front page. And not any American cinematograph agency has offered him the millions to turn a film. This necessity to remain anonymous is the gall to his pride. An ungrateful roll, this, in which the honour cannot be paid where the honour is due. It has appeared that he has the idea to make a change of profession and to give the performances of the sleight-of-hand at the music-halls. Not so remunerative, he knows. But what is the gold by the side of the glory! Well one has been able to understand the sorrows of the perfect craftsman without in the least to share them.

At the other hand one has rather found the pleasure in the sorrows of the *maîtres d'hôtels* and the *garçons* of the *restaurants de luxe*, who have made much of the grouses *tout récemment*. It is in the consequence of the decision that one will not any longer sell the cigars or the cigarettes in the such establishments. *Voilà!* that the incomes of the oily waiters will be much reduced, for the rate at which to profiteer in the cigars and the cigarettes has, perhaps, not had the equal even in the businesses of the sugar or the wheat. It has been the difficult affair to avoid to pay ten francs for a cigar which has had only the worth of three, and for the cigarettes there has been the similar proportion. There have been the really courageous diners who have resisted the blackmail of the conventions so far as to bring the cigars of their own along with them, but it has been only when they have dined with the *vieux amis*. It would have been much too dangerous a practice at a dinner with the new friends. It has been because the *garçons* have played on the social timidity of the diners that they have been able to force the high prices. They have even brought the manœuvre to such perfection that they have been able to sell to the ladies of dinner-parties the packets of cigarettes at the most absurd prices because the boxes have been pretty and the ladies have wished to carry them away.



"The clever thief who has stolen"

"To profiteer in the cigars"

But in the future it will be no longer possible to trade on the weaknesses. It will be quite in the good tone to take the cigar-case from out of the pocket and to present it to the new acquaintance of the business, with whom one has the hopes to arrange the important contract. And it will not be a *faux pas* to offer to the ladies a Maryland Gauloise. The lady who has a real experience in the cigarettes will, of course, prefer it. The *garçon* will, one expects, try to recover his old ascendancy by the offer to supply you in the secret. But that would be even more dear than in the old time. And now that one has escaped from his clutches one is not likely to return—merely because he has made the great grouses.

ROLAND

No Literary Lapses!

BY GEORGE S. DIXON

"I can read my husband like a book!"
"Then be careful to stick to your own library, my dear"

"HEADS AN

BY WILMOT LUNT

D TALES"

The Kick of the Kangaroo

BY LAURIE TAYLER

"They say I've got no tail, but it's really the strongest part of me!"

CHINA TIGERS

BY ARTHUR MILLS

If people wonder if this story is true, the answer is that, of course, it is—in parts. Ask any old resident of Hong Kong if he remembers the man who went up to Amoy to shoot China tigers. Ask any officer of the "Gillies"; they were quartered there at the time, and made Marmaduke Pelly an honorary member of their mess.

First let it be said that there is this difference between hunting tigers in Amoy and other parts of the world. In Amoy the hunter does not sit on the back of an elephant, or perch himself in the branch of a tree above his bait. He hunts in dark caverns, crawling on his hands and knees; he shoots by the light of a flickering torch, and the chances are fifty-fifty on the tiger.

Marmaduke Pelly came out to Hong Kong a professed globe-trotter in search of adventure. He was plump, rich, and eminently hospitable. The Colony, and in particular the 1st Battalion the ———— Highlanders (in other words, the "Gillies") received him at first with reserve. Then Marmaduke went up to Amoy to shoot tigers. He came back with the skin of a magnificent beast, and told a stirring tale of its killing. It was after this that the "Gillies," who were a sport-loving, deer-stalking crowd, made him an honorary member of their mess. It was after this, too, that Miss Beal—however, of that later.

One evening, after the sun had gone down, leaving a delicate rose flush in the sky, five persons sat in long chairs on the mess verandah. They were Gerald Cameron, Adjutant to the "Gillies," Ruby, his wife, Sita Beal, Ruby's young, very pretty sister, Angus Fraser, Subaltern, and Marmaduke Pelly. The skin of the tiger lay spread over the verandah railings.

The two women looked at the tiger skin, their eyes filled with admiration. Angus Fraser looked sideways at Sita Beal, also admiringly. Marmaduke looked complacently at his feet.

"It must have been terribly dangerous, Mr. Pelly, going into a dark cave like that after a tiger," said Mrs. Cameron.

Pelly shrugged his shoulders. "It was risky, certainly," he said; "there is risk in every sport worth doing."

"But . . . but when you had crawled into the cave, how could you see the tiger?" asked Sita.

Pelly emptied his drink. "I couldn't for a moment or two," he answered. "Then, in the far corner, I heard a tiny scuffle just like a mouse in one's bedroom. I looked and saw two glowing sparks. I knew the sparks were the tiger's eyes watching me. I brought my rifle to my shoulder, and fired straight between those sparks."

The younger girl lent forward, her hands clasped, her eyes bright.

"What would have happened if you had missed?" she asked.

Pelly smiled. "If I had missed!" he repeated. He pointed to the skin on the floor. "Well, that wouldn't be here now."

"Or you either?" said Gerald Cameron, shortly.

Angus Fraser bent forward and examined the skin. He looked attentively at the beast's head, set with jaws agape, showing the cruel, grinning fangs. He put his finger on a mark midway between the eyes. "Pretty accurate shot," he said. "How far off was he when you fired?"

"About four yards, I should say," answered the other.

"*Four yards!*" echoed the two girls.

"You don't want to miss when they are as near as that," said the Adjutant.

"As a matter of fact, he was just gathering himself to spring when I fired," said Pelly, pouring a stiff peg of whisky into his glass.

Sita Beal, her pretty blue eyes growing rounder and wider every moment, gave a shudder.

"Well," Pelly lifted his glass, "I should like to get another now to keep that chap company."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Oh, Mr. Pelly, you aren't going up to Amoy again!" Sita protested.

Marmaduke's eyes rested approvingly on the girl. "Not just yet, anyway," he answered.

"We get tigers over here, you know," said the Adjutant; "not very often, but about once every five years one is seen in the island; they swim across the harbour from the mainland, stay a few days, and go back again. The natives get proper 'wind up' when a tiger is over here, so I am told." The Adjutant turned to his wife. "Well, my dear, if we are going out to dinner we had better be toddling. What is Sita going to do?"

"Mf. Pelly is very kindly going to take me to the dance at the Peak Club to-night," answered the girl. She looked at her wrist watch. "Do you know it is aften seven!"

"By Jove! we ought to be getting on." Marmaduke rose to his feet. "Good-night, Mrs. Cameron! 'night, Cameron! So long, Fraser! See you at the dance, I expect. Oh, by Jove! there's my tiger skin. I'd better leave it there now and send my boy for it."

When the others had gone Angus Fraser sat on by himself on the Mess verandah, watching the slender ankles and graceful muslin clad figure disappearing down the steps by Marmaduke's side.

"Drat the fellow," he muttered, looking at the tiger skin. "If I had the money he has I should be able to go off hunting tigers in caves, too. He has simply mesmerised her with his travellers' tales. Bringing her down this blessed tiger skin has about put the lid on it. Any girl would go to a man who told her he had crawled into a cave and shot a tiger by torch-light to give her as a present. Wish the brute had eaten him."

It should be explained that before the arrival of Pelly, Angus had been getting on very nicely with Sita Beal. Nothing definite had been said, but it was tacitly understood in the Colony that if

"CHINA TIGERS" (*continued*)

progress continued unbroken an interesting announcement might soon be made. Then Marmaduke Pelly had come and Angus dropped into second place.

Angus's meditations were interrupted by the approach of a Chinaman, wearing a long blue coat and black satin slippers. The Chinaman was accompanied by a fine chow dog. The fellow was Ah Ling, Angus's personal servant, and the chow, one Wong, the property of Ah Ling but much devoted to Angus.

Ah Ling moved noiselessly in front of his master and waited till he looked up.

"You'm go top-side to-night?" he enquired.

"Yes," answered Angus. "Ever seen one of these, Ling?" he pointed to the tiger.

"Him cost plenty dollar," said Ling, meditatively.

"You blinking idiot," said Angus in colloquial Chinese. "Him, no can buy." He went through motions of putting a rifle to his shoulder. "Englishman kill him Amoy side."

Ling smiled deprecatingly, in the way Chinamen do when they know better than the person to whom they are talking.

"Yes. Can buy. My father make plenty pigeon all same tiger skin."

"Where your father live?" enquired Angus, suspiciously.

"Amoy," answered Ling. "Plenty people go Amoy look see tigers. No can find—my father he sell'em tiger skin—all same they——" Ling broke off to give an imitation of a man firing a gun. "That tiger he come India, I think; Amoy tiger more little fellah."

Angus cut these scandalous aspersions on the big game hunting fraternity short, giving Ling a commission to do for him in the town.

Left to himself he continued his reflections. He also made a further and more minute examination of the bullet mark on the tiger's head.

. . . .

The dances at the Peak Club took place every Saturday night. They were intimate affairs to which the same people went week after week. In a little community like Hong Kong it is natural that dancing folk should sort themselves into pairs. It had generally been Angus's privilege to escort Sita to the Peak Club. That was before she had thrown him over for Pelly.

At half past nine Angus stood in the door-way of the ballroom with his hands in his pockets and rage in his heart. He had one entry on his programme, the third extra. Was it for this that he had faithfully waited on her every need for two months, to be jilted for a tiger skin!

The sky was limped with moonlight. Below, Deep-water Bay glittered like a jewel. Little woods dotted the hill-side; away across the channel the lights of Kowloon City twinkled. Angus looked across at the mainland and his thoughts were to this end: "I wish a tiger would swim across here now."

It was at this identical moment, as the thought formulated itself at its fullest intensity, that his eye was caught by something moving in a bamboo thicket, fifty yards from the verandah. He kept his eyes glued upon a glade twenty yards ahead of the first opening. The glade was brightly lit by the moon.

Even as he looked a huge tiger padded out into the open, turned round, looked at the ballroom wistfully, and slunk into the opposite side of the thicket. Angus took another look to make sure his eyes had not deceived him, and then turned quickly back towards the ballroom.

He found Marmaduke sitting in a shady corner with Sita at the far end of the verandah. Marmaduke appeared displeased at being disturbed. But Angus took him by the arm, saying he must have a word with him in his private ear. He led him out of Sita's hearing and whispered quickly.

"He is in that plantation. I saw him there myself two minutes ago. Must be one of those chaps Cameron was talking about that swim over from the mainland—chance of a life-time—we ought to go after him right away—to-morrow he may have gone. You have got two rifles, haven't you? They are up here in your rooms—lend me one and we'll start right away."

Marmaduke listened to this volume of explanations and exhortation coldly. "Ridiculous," he said, "you've been imagining things."

For answer Angus gripped his arm, pointing with his other hand at the thicket. "*Look! there he is.*"

Marmaduke gave a perceptible jump. "*Where?*" he asked.

"Just behind that big bamboo. There! he is moving again."

This time Marmaduke could see for himself a black and yellow form creeping stealthily into a patch of shade.

"I expect he is devilish hungry, or he wouldn't come so near human beings," said Angus; "well, look here, we must not lose a moment—where are those guns?"

Marmaduke passed a handkerchief across his forehead. "Look here, old chap. I don't want to butt in—you saw him first—he is your tiger."

"Ssh!" Angus pointed to a white muslin figure advancing towards them. "There is Miss Beal; we don't want to frighten the women—come on."

As she approached, Sita was astonished to see her partner for the next dance being half-dragged, half-led down the gravel path that led to the hotel adjoining the Peak Club. Making a mental note to repay young Fraser with interest for taking away her partner from her in this fashion, she returned to the ballroom, and was not long left standing alone.

In the meanwhile, in Marmaduke's hotel sitting-room, feverish preparations were going on. Angus had opened a gun-case containing two sporting rifles, and was briskly examining the sights and testing trigger pressure.

"We don't want to leave anything to chance," he said, cramming a handful of cartridges into his coat pocket. "Which rifle do you generally use?"

Marmaduke had poured himself out a third of a tumbler of neat whisky. His forehead was bedewed with perspiration.

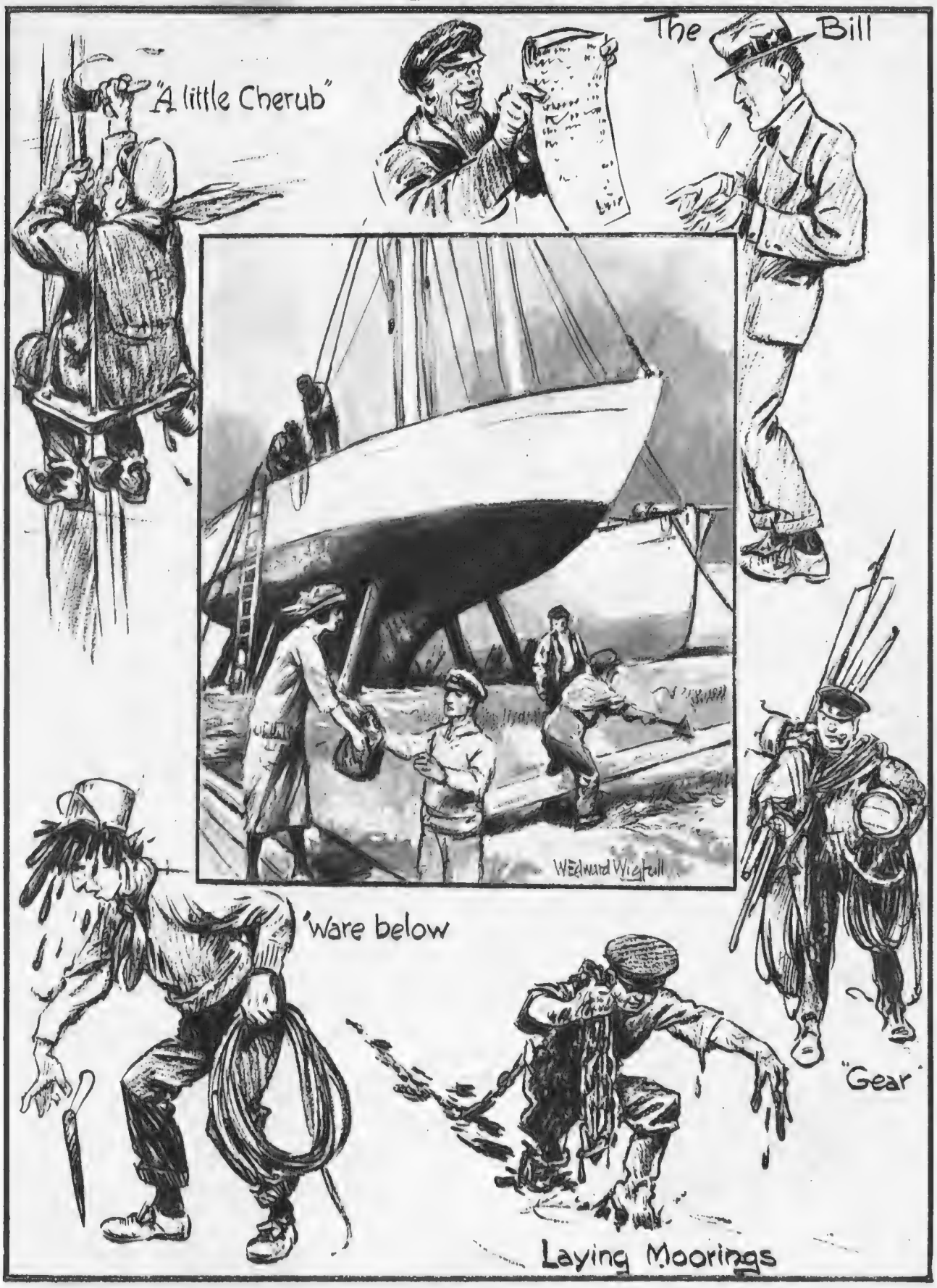
"You've been dancing too hard," said Angus, looking at him. "Well, I'll take this gun and you take the other. Now, are we all ready?"

Marmaduke looked anything but ready; he accepted weakly the rifle that was thrust into his hand.

"We'll go round by the back of the hotel and get into the thicket

(*Continued on page 456*)

Fitting-out Time



BY W. E. WIGFULL

The little trials and tribulations incidental to the work of preparing his boat for the coming season are borne by the yachtsman with equanimity and even with enjoyment, for are they not the precursors of the glorious time which he sees ahead of him?

by the far side, work our way quietly forward, and whoever sees the brute first shoots. Is that agreed?" said Angus.

Holding his rifle gingerly in his right hand and dragging his steps Marmaduke followed Angus out of the hotel. They took a footpath that skirted the hillside and led down by the thicket. The path grew dark when they got under the shadow of the bamboos, and Angus signalled to his companion to tread softly. Half-way down the path there was a sudden rattle in the branches that caused Marmaduke to jump right across the road. A bird flew out over their heads. Angus laughed.

"A tiger never makes a noise till he springs," said Angus, comfortingly.

Marmaduke groaned. They came to the place where it was planned they should enter the thicket.

"Now," said Angus, "you take the right and I'll keep about thirty yards to the left. If we walk quietly up we are bound to strike him."

"Wouldn't it be—be—be—better if we kept together?" said Marmaduke.

"No—no, you go in there. Well, so long, and——." Angus held out his hand, "good luck, old chap."

A moist, warm palm gripped his, and the next moment both disappeared among the bamboos.

For a few minutes Angus heard nothing but a steady crunch of feet upon dried twigs. To judge by the sounds the pace being made by his colleague was exceedingly slow. Then suddenly he heard another noise—a stealthy scuffle—scuffle. He peered forward into the dark undergrowth. He could not be quite sure, but he thought he just caught a glimpse of a slinking shape. He stopped and listened intently.

Suddenly there was a terrified yell, followed by a crashing of branches. Angus flung himself into the thicket in the direction from which the sound came. Half a dozen paces brought him to the path. The first thing he knew was that he nearly fell over a rifle that had been thrown to the ground.

He looked along the path. He saw the figure of a man flying for dear life towards the club verandah. A shape followed the figure, lolloping after it at a quaint ambling gait. Then did Angus Fraser sit down upon the ground and laugh until the tears rolled down his face.

. . . . .

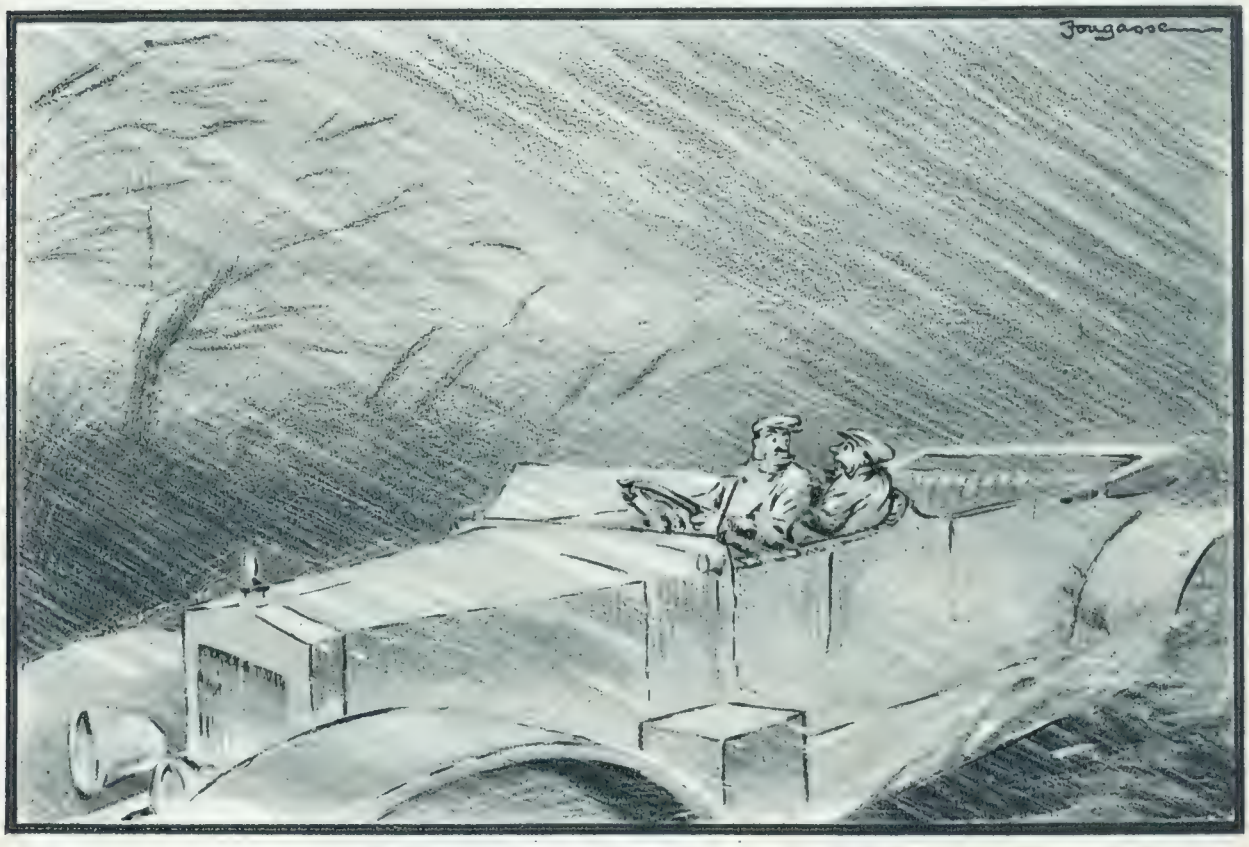
Marmaduke ran as he had never ran before. He ran straight towards a white-clad muslin figure that stood upon the club verandah watching his approach. He was oblivious of the figure, oblivious of everything, except the monster that followed him and the sanctuary he would reach.

Sobbing for breath, he flung himself over the verandah railing. "There's a ti—tiger after me," he gasped.

He felt hot breath upon his cheek and a dank nozzle pressed against the back of his neck. Lifting his chin he emitted one wild, piercing scream that brought the rest of the club out on to the verandah.

"What's all this?" said the Colonel of the "Gillies." But Sita now, too, was laughing so that she could not speak. For standing over the body on the floor, perplexed, but evidently realising that there was a game on that any dog could enjoy, was a fine Chinese chow dog (by name Wong), sewn up completely in the skin of Marmaduke's tiger.

ARTHUR MILLS



AN AWFUL PITY IF IT DID BY FOUGASSE

"Hadn't we better have the hood up?"

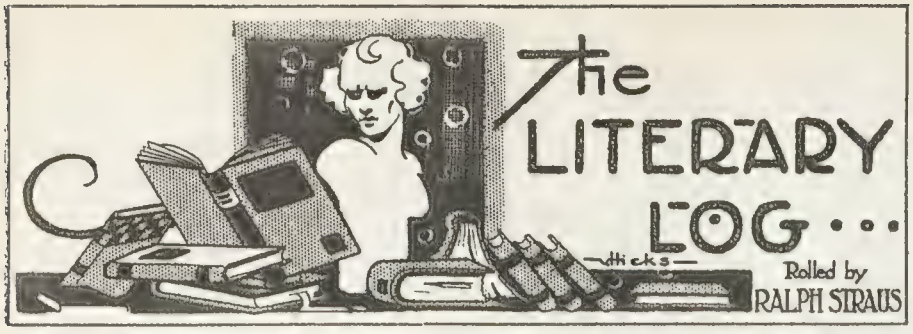
"Just as well keep it down—whenever I put it up, the beastly rain always stops at once!"

A Pick-ture Portrait

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

MINER: "How do ye reckon I ought to be took, like this?"

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Well, I think you ought to have your pickaxe with you. I know you don't use it, but still it looks well"



WHO but Mr. W. J. Locke would think of writing a story of a Brigadier-General in the British Army who began life in a French travelling circus? *The Mountebank* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is as joyous as its predecessors. You meet General Lackaday and you meet Lady Auriol Dayne, and when demobilisation comes along you wonder with the amiable Mr. Hylton, who tells their story, why they don't marry. Well, there is a woman called Elodie, who in the past assisted the mountebank with his music-hall tricks. There is also the fact that even a Brigadier-General's services may no longer be required. What to do? It is notoriously difficult these days to obtain a job. Lackaday is forced to return to his former profession. It is painful; it is preposterous; worse, it is not a success, in spite of Elodie's wholehearted attempts. Was ever a Quixote so terribly treated? But there is also an elderly tenor called Bakkus, and Bakkus's brother is a dignitary of the Church. That is important. You will see how, when you read the book. There are learned folk who sometimes demand to know why Mr. Locke will persist in creating improbable people. But does he? And if he does, why not? In any case, you know that when a new novel comes along in that red familiar binding you will be reading about men and women (and in this case a dog, too) to meet whom in the flesh you would travel a considerable distance.

⁂ ⁂

CERTAIN remarkable qualities of Dulcie Deamer's first novel, *Revelation* (Fisher Unwin: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), open up agreeable vistas of its writer's future career. The story belongs to the days of Tiberius, and it is told with a brilliance of colour and breadth of conception which makes it difficult to believe that *Revelation* has had no predecessors. Too often a story of this kind is spoilt by a biassed view, but here those high things which cut off this period from all others are shown more or less as they must have appeared to the men and women who were then alive. The Jerusalem here described is a real place, and its motley inhabitants are people of hot flesh and blood. You think, perhaps, that there have been too many stories of this kind, but *Revelation* is astonishingly good, and should meet with success.

⁂ ⁂

FOR Mr. Paul Harvey put Sherlock Holmes, and for Mr. Knox put Dr. Watson. Change the title of Mr. Sax Rohmer's new story from *Bat-Wing* (Cassell: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) to "The Sign of the Bat" or "The Singular Case of Colonel Juan Menendez," and you will know more or less what to expect. This is not to say that you will solve the mystery of the Colonel's death before Mr. Rohmer intends you to do so. You must wait until the significance of the seventh yew tree becomes clear. But Inspector Aylesbury is also true to Conandoylian type, and Mr. Knox is not averse from propounding a theory of his own in Watson's best style. An ingenious story which robbed me of two hours' sleep.

⁂ ⁂

RATHER unexpectedly Mr. C. E. Lawrence's new book, *The Iron Bell* (Daniel O'Connor: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), turns out to be a tragedy. It is the delicately told story of poor Elizabeth Pratt, who begins as maid-of-all-work to her parents, a fault-finding mother and a criminal father, and lives in fear lest, like her mad grandmother, she may end her days in the workhouse. Things were not the same in the 'eighties as they are to-day, and Elizabeth, in spite of her almost incredible goodness, never gets a chance. She becomes the slavey of a former friend, and once you think that the great Mr. Councillor Burkley is going to be her saviour; but he, like everybody else, fails her, and the final scene shows Elizabeth entering those grim portals over which an iron bell is clanging. The characters are excellently drawn, and the book is not nearly so cheerless as it sounds. R. S.

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MRS. LELAND DE LANGLEY

One of the most prominent hostesses at Cannes, whose home, Château de Théoule, is the most beautiful residence on the Riviera. Her parties there were famous this season throughout the whole Côte d'Azur

BY H. H. HARRIS

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ABSENT-MINDED GIRL

Who forgot her Umbrella in the Morning

And her Purse in the Afternoon

But took a Simple Precaution at Night ...

To remind her of Both next day

BY M. BUTCHER

A MAID WITHOUT A MEMORY

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, MONDAY, *May* 23

DEAR COUSIN—

I WONDER how many of us knew or remembered that to-morrow's a great anniversary, a great national festival or celebration? To wit, and in other words, Empire Day. Which most of us, I expect, find rather a boring affair, this patriotic invention of Lord Meath's, with its flagwagging by infants in elementary schools, and solemn parades and things under the ægis of heaps and heaps of fluttering Union Jacks But all the same. . . .

ALL the same and after all, p'raps, it's not a bad thing for us to be reminded just now and then, however crudely, about there *being* a British Empire—which some people seem rather inclined to forget in these unspacious days of Bolshies and Sinn Feiners and strike squabbles and all the rest of it. And not only the mere fact, either, that Britain and her dominions or dependencies, or whatever they prefer to be called (wouldn't hurt their feelings or susceptibilities the slightest bit in the world for all the Bradburys or Fishers that were ever printed), exist, and have their being together and under one flag. It's the idea, the ideal of unity and alliance, and being just part of a great whole that matters.

SEEMS a perfectly absurd and paltry idea, I suppose, to the Bolshie crowd aforesaid—and too ridiculous for words, such babblings as W. E. Henley's in his—

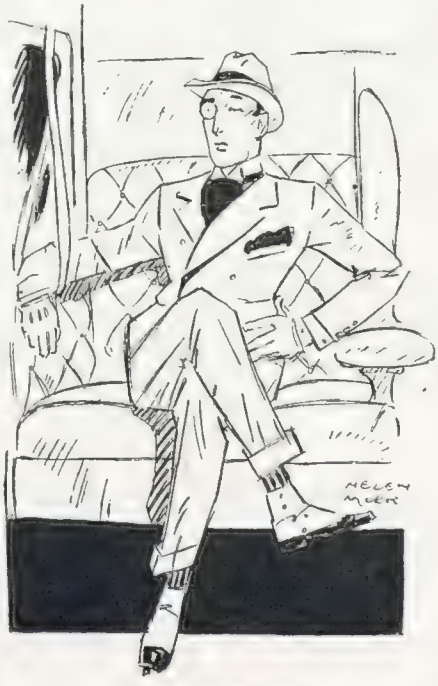
> Ever the faith endures,
> England, my England!
> Take and break us: we are yours,
> England, my own.
>
> Life is good and joy runs high
> Between English earth and sky:
> Death is death; but we shall die
> To the song on your bugles blown,
> England!

IDEAS and ideals are a bit out of fashion, really, if one's to believe what one's told. in this strange period of transition that we're passing through, this after-war chaos of topsy-turviness when no one quite knows where they are or why, or what's going to happen next. During the War, as one writer puts it, it seemed as though the seeds of a great new ideal that was to draw us together were being sown. . . . But to-day we possess no common ideal. We thrill with no common hope. We tremble at no common terror. The respect for real superiorities has vanished along with that for the Traditional superiorities. Rank rests on no recognised sanction.

"Business not altogether satisfactory"

We are all one as good as another. Vulgar ostentation replaces true distinction. The old catchwords are meaningless. . . .

NOT such a bad thing altogether either that some of them, anyway, should die the death. The world changes, and it is good that prunes and prisms should perish, and all the other bad Victorian and pre-Victorian products which damped and hampered the soul of the free Englishman and woman. But patriotism, that overworked and yet immortal word—that, or rather the idea of it, let's hope (spite of all the contempt of all the superior Bolshies and people) may survive in the end even the shocks and seethings of a world where the only sure thing, for the moment, seems that nothing is quite absolutely sure of surviving from one week to another, or even from day to day.



"Travelling first class"

WOULD be rather a good idea, methinks, sometimes, if "England, our England" could be run for a while, and just as a temporary experiment, by

some of those "colonials" about whom our own highbrows and super-statesmen have rather a way of adopting (in private) such a lofty air of patronage for their crude sentiments and ideas and general way of looking at and conducting things. The dominions may be on the crude and simple side,

"*On dit* that the shimmy really is coming to stay"

and unskilled in the nice conduct of a clouded debate, on, say, postage rates to Mesopotamia, or whether M.P.'s should be allowed free taxi-cabs to take them to the theatre and back, but they do have rather a way of getting straight to the point on the big things . . . as the late Great War bears witness.

卐 卐

PARLIAMENT, by the way, meets again to-morrow, and the Law Courts reopen (might have thought they could p'raps have done with just a little less holiday considering the simply frightful congestion of cases we hear such a lot about and how nobly the Lord Chancellor came to the rescue by coming and sitting specially in the Divorce Court, and all the rest of it, but let that pass), so I suppose the Whitsun holiday really must be considered to be quite over, even for the most favoured of the earth, and the business of the world to have begun again—not to mention the pleasure.

卐 卐

BUSINESS of said world being not altogether and in all ways, perhaps, quite satisfactory to all the citizens thereof. Lots and lots of Sinn Fein outrages in Ireland and some of the same in England itself, labour troubles still going strong, ominous rumblings in the direction of Poland, trade slumping ever more and more heavily, and exports dropping like lead, unemployed in millions that increase daily—and for sole consolation that M.P.'s are at long last to have their four hundred a year free of income tax *and* get free travelling all over the place (first class) not only to their constituencies, but their homes (whenever baby cuts a fresh tooth or the kitchen boiler bursts). As someone's very rightly and reasonably remarked—why not have a Flag Day for M.P.'s?

"Still have income-tax deducted from *their* incomes"

卐 卐

FORGET how many millions it's going to cost the nation to give the members of His Majesty's faithful Commons these no doubt thoroughly deserved benefits and privileges, but. . . . Well, if the millions *are* available, what about another perhaps almost as deserving class of the community who are in almost more need of such privileges and benefits, or their equivalent, to be expended in possibly even more modest directions? The unemployed and disabled officers of H.M. Forces, I mean, who fought in the late (and now almost forgotten) War, and who are, many of them, still destitute, or nearly. And who still have income-tax deducted from *their* incomes—those of them who've got any to deduct from, that is.

卐 卐

AS for the world of pleasure, that still continues to go round, thank you, in spite of strikes and stoppages and crises, even if the brake has had to be put on just here and there—but not too roughly or violently, or even so that you'd notice it very much.

卐 卐

DANCES certainly have been cut down here and there (but only the private ones so far) and the Courts are still a negligible quantity, although there's a Levée promised for next week "if circumstances permit." Many theatres have slumped undoubtedly, but the successful plays continue to succeed and still first nights continue to be announced, in spite of everything or anything. Talking of dancing, the shimmy, *on dit*, really is coming to stay, anyway for a little while, and it certainly is the most *restful* way of going round the room that ever was invented yet.

卐 卐

PLENTY of dancing fixtures ahead; by the way, in the next week or two. Five big ones this week, including the London Country Club's *diner dansant* at Hendon on Saturday, which is to follow a big garden party for disabled soldiers, and on June 6 there is the great Royal Caledonian Ball at the Hotel Cecil, which is always one of the most cheerful as well as crowded functions of the year. And there's another "Max" show at the Leicester Galleries and Oxford still has its Eights, and the Derby's to be run next week. Why worry?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

CORELLI

The Premier Vermouth

LOOK at it from what angle you will, *Corelli* is the best of all Vermouths.

Test the accuracy of this statement for yourself. Compare it with any other brand on the market. We *know* your palate will give the verdict in its favour.

A wine—not a liqueur.

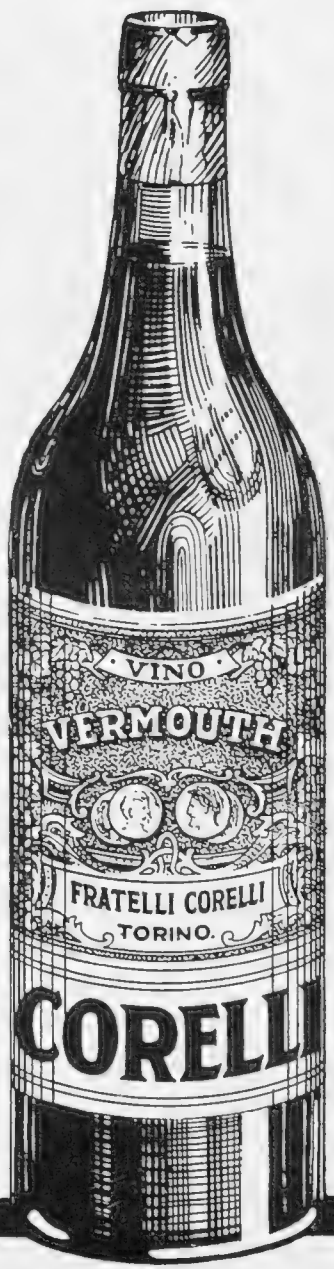
Corelli is not a liqueur. It is a wholesome and delicious Italian wine possessing invaluable tonic properties. It gives zest to the impaired appetite, toning up the whole system in a way no other tonic wine can achieve.

Health in every glass.

Get the Continental habit of taking Corelli neat. Two or three wine-glassfuls a day will do you a world of good, for there is health in every glass.

4/6 per bottle ; 5/3 per litre.

Wholesale Agents :
EDWARD YOUNG & CO., Ltd.
62-63, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C., AND
SEEL STREET DISTILLERY, LIVERPOOL.
Established over a Century.



RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Leighton Enthusiasm

We all look like having to go to the Derby by road this time. Well, it doesn't much matter. We shall get there all right even if we have to start overnight. You can safely count, strike or no strike, upon a typical Epsom crowd, for this Derby is going to be tremendously interesting. Reports of Leighton's continued good progress help to stimulate the excitement. One of his enthusiastic admirers goes so far as to assure me that he is one of the horses of the century! Experience teaches me to keep level-headed in these affairs, and I am not going into raptures over Leighton until I see him do something on the racecourse that is worthy of a first-class performer.

Wait and See

I know, of course, that it isn't Leighton's fault that he remains something of a "mystery" horse. His breeder made the apparent mistake of economising in the matter of entries. Thus the colt has never had the chance up to now of running for a really "class" event. We must wait until the Derby before we can definitely put him among the champions. But in the meantime, is he worth backing for the race? I can only say that I made my own modest investment on him when he was 7 to1, and, great admirer as I am of Craig an Eran, I would not dream of leaving Leighton out of the reckoning. Harry Cottrill has not had a classic colt through his hands before, but he has had an Irish Elegance, so he should know what a good horse is. His confident opinion, based upon the gallops at Seven Barrows, is that Leighton will win the Derby. So whatever other horse you back for the great race you ought not to make this colt a loser.

The Guineas Form?

We are told now that the Guineas form is "no good" owing to Eaglehawk and Polemarch having been beaten in recent gallops. Neither of them saw the way Craig an Eran went in the Two Thousand. I grant that Eaglehawk did not run at all badly in the Newmarket Stakes, at any rate, up to a mile, but Lemonora fairly slammed him at the finish of that race. Where Alec Taylor hopes to beat Leighton is in regard to stamina. He feels satisfied that both Craig an Eran and Lemonora can stay, but there must necessarily be an "if" regarding Leighton's ability to get the mile-and-a-half. Meanwhile Humorist and Alan Breck both came in for plenty of support last week, and were strong in the market. The meeting of these five colts is alone sufficient to attract every racing man and woman to Epsom.

By "The Tout"

MR. P. F. HEYBOURN AND "BROWNIE" CARSLAKE
This season the brilliant Australian jockey has gained two fine successes on Mr. Heybourn's gallant horse, Trespasser, who is to be sent to France next month to run in the Grand Hurdle Race at Auteuil

This Week's Events

We are having a quiet time this week prior to the hustle and excitement of Epsom. I look upon **Double Up** as something like a good thing for the Salisbury Cup. If Felix Leach can get **Isle of Wight** to Doncaster he should win the Hopeful Stakes, while **Balthazar** seems to have a good chance in the Chesterfield Plate. The Royal Windsor Handicap on Saturday may fall to **Highlander** in spite of his penalty, for I fancy he had something to spare when he scored at Newmarket. In his absence—he may now be kept back for the Derby—I would rely on Cylette.

POLO NOTES

"Tails Up"

What a change has come over the International polo situation since that memorable trial game at Hurlingham on Whit Monday! Up to then the idea seemed to prevail that these fine players from the States were invincible. Pessimists had begun to despair of seeing them properly stretched. People went wandering around the polo clubs with funereal expressions. "We've lost that cup," they remarked gloomily. Nice sort of encouragement this was for Vivian Lockett in the midst of his troubles of team-building. But you ought to have seen the lugubrious ones after the Americans had been beaten at Hurlingham. Talk about "tails up!" Undoubtedly the game served as a great tonic for English polo.

No More Pessimism

And now don't let us hear any more gloomy rubbish, please. The Americans *may* win the International matches. Good luck to them if they do. But you can accept it from me that they are not overconfident about the result and never have been. At the time when they were mopping up teams in wholesale fashion in practice games I had several chats with the members of the American side, and I must state that I never found one of them who thought that they were sure to beat England. Back of their heads the whole time was a deepset respect for British polo, and the game on Whit Monday showed that they are right.

Experience Tells

Were they beaten, then, strictly on their merits? On the play, yes. But I am convinced the Americans can do better. I should say that Mr. Buckmaster was chiefly responsible for their defeat that day, and, according to present arrangements, they will not have him to cope with in the big matches. "Buck's" steadiness, resource, beautiful horsemanship and splendidly directed hitting completely upset the American attack. Mr. Hitchcock, though one of the greatest hitters I ever saw, is only a child in experience compared with "Buck." The American No. 1 and No. 2 could never get properly going, and Mr. Milburn, seeing how things were moving, attempted to do more than was humanly possible.

A. W. C.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The Royal Tournament

THE 2ND. LIFE GUARDS IN THE MUSICAL DOUBLE RIDE.

HORSES ARRIVING BY CAR
IN THE COMBINED DISPLAY OF HORSE
AND MOTOR TRANSPORT BY THE R.A.S.C.

A MIXED COMPANY IN
THE "NEPTUNE'S SOLDIERS" PAGEANT

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

The King and Queen with Prince Henry were present at Olympia on Thursday last when the Royal Tournament opened amid scenes of great enthusiasm. Their Majesties, whose appreciation of the entertainment was manifest, stayed to the end, and before their departure congratulated all concerned on the production of one of the finest Tournaments ever arranged

AUSTRALIA'S STAR BOWLER ON THE WAR-PATH

J. M. Gregory bowls the Rev. F. H. Gillingham in the match between the Australians and Essex at Leyton last week. The Essex batsmen could do little against the fast bowling of Gregory and Macdonald, and the Australians won by an innings and 75 runs

SPORTS & PASTIMES

CRICKET

Caught in the Slips

No one takes a greater interest in the doings of the Australian cricketers than the British public schoolboy. Consequently, I have been expecting to be inundated with letters from public schoolboys all over the country, pointing out a slip which was made in our Summer Sports Number under a picture showing J. M. Gregory bowling. He is described as a left-hander, which is of course wrong, for although he is a left-handed batsman he bowls—as, indeed, the photo plainly shows—right-handed. As a matter of fact only one schoolboy has written to inform us of the error of our ways, though I have little doubt that hundreds—schoolboys and others—have "spotted" it. I therefore take this opportunity of congratulating them in advance, so to speak, upon their perspicacity.

LAWN TENNIS

The World's Hard Court Championships

W. T. Tilden, will be a competitor at the World's Hard Court Championship meeting which is due to start at the Stade Français in Paris on Saturday next; so will Mrs. Franklin Mallory, the lady champion of America. Their presence will add enormously to the interest of the proceedings, and there is much more than a mere flutter of excitement over it in France. The French players are notoriously much more formidable on their native hard courts than they are on grass, and I have no doubt that they are hoping that one of their number will succeed in overcoming Tilden, and thereby partially avenging the Davis Cup defeat of last summer at Eastbourne.

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE JUDGMENT OF THE GREEN

Lord Justice Scrutton putting on the home green in the Bar Golfing Society's Annual Tournament at Rye last week

MISS P. L. HOWKINS

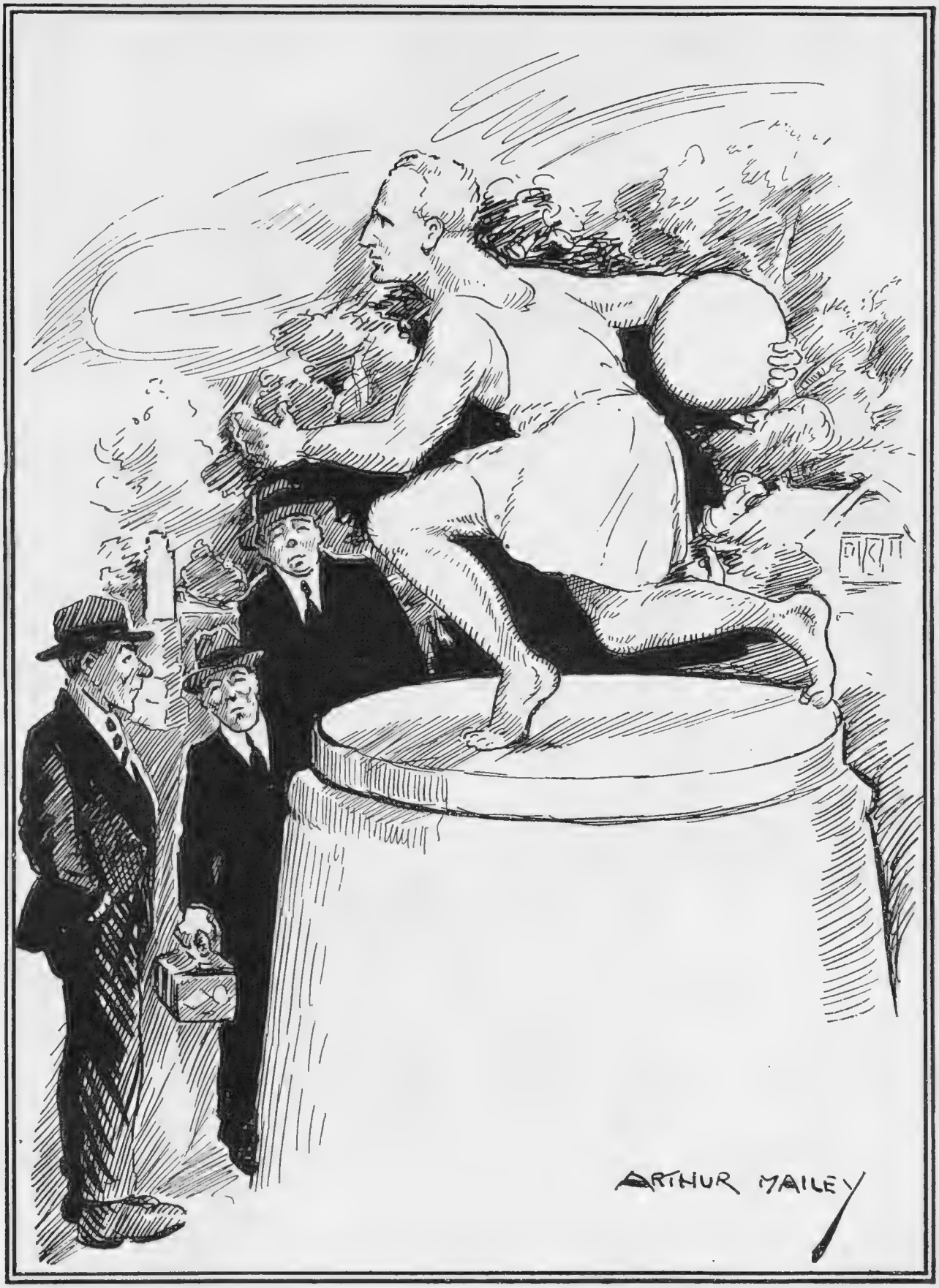
One of the best of the rising generation of lawn tennis players. She greatly distinguished herself at Surbiton last week by nearly beating Miss E. Ryan

The 'Varsities

JUDGING by the matches which they have played so far, Oxford are the stronger of the two 'Varsities. They have four of last year's team in residence, namely, A. B. Gravem, C. Hopkins, J. C. F. Simpson, and P. M. Dixon. Of these, the two first named are Americans; Dixon (also a fine

(Continued on page 470)

GOOGLIALITIES. By A. A. Mailey



MACARTNEY, GREGORY, AND MAILEY DOING THE SIGHTS

"Must be one of those lob bowlers we've heard so much about lately, Charlie"

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

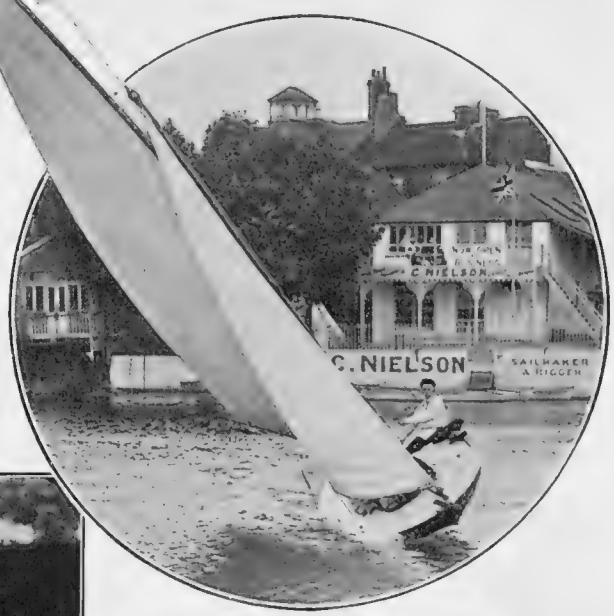
"Rugger" player) is a South African, and Simpson, the rackets Blue, an Englishman. The most promising candidates for the two vacant places are S. F. Hepburn, the "Soccer" Blue, and R. B. Barbour, a freshman from Australia. At Cambridge, H. C. McCarthy, the captain, has been showing good form, and in M. D. Horn, who has the makings

Photograph *Central News*

B. I. C. NORTON

The young South African lawn tennis player, now resident in this country, who has recently fulfilled the great promise which he showed when he first played in England in 1919. He has also won renown as a runner in his native land

in him of a fine player, he seems to have found a partner to suit him. C. Ramaswami, the Indian, who did so well as a freshman last year, is also a player to be reckoned with, and I. S. White, who has also represented Cambridge at golf, is wonderfully good considering how badly he is handicapped by lameness; but at the moment of writing I am inclined to fancy the chances of Oxford. Gravem, who, in view of his American record, was somewhat disappointing last year, appears to have made up a good deal of lost ground lately.



Photograph "MA MIE" *[Sport and General*

Winner of one of the handicaps held at Whitsuntide by the Surbiton branch of the Minima Yacht Club at Kingston. She is a "B" class boat, and is owned by Mr. A. W. Horton

YACHTING

An Honour for Southend

It has been announced that, all being well, the King's cutter, *Britannia*, will be a competitor at Southend-on-Sea Regatta, which takes place on July 15 and 16. On the first day the yachts sail round a course in the Thames Estuary, and a captial view of the start and the finish, and of a good deal of what happens in between, will be obtainable from Southend Pier. Southend is so easily accessible from London that a good many people who have but little acquaintance with yachting, either as a pastime or as a spectacle, will doubtless avail themselves of the chance of seeing a race with the Royal cutter in it.

Past History Recalled

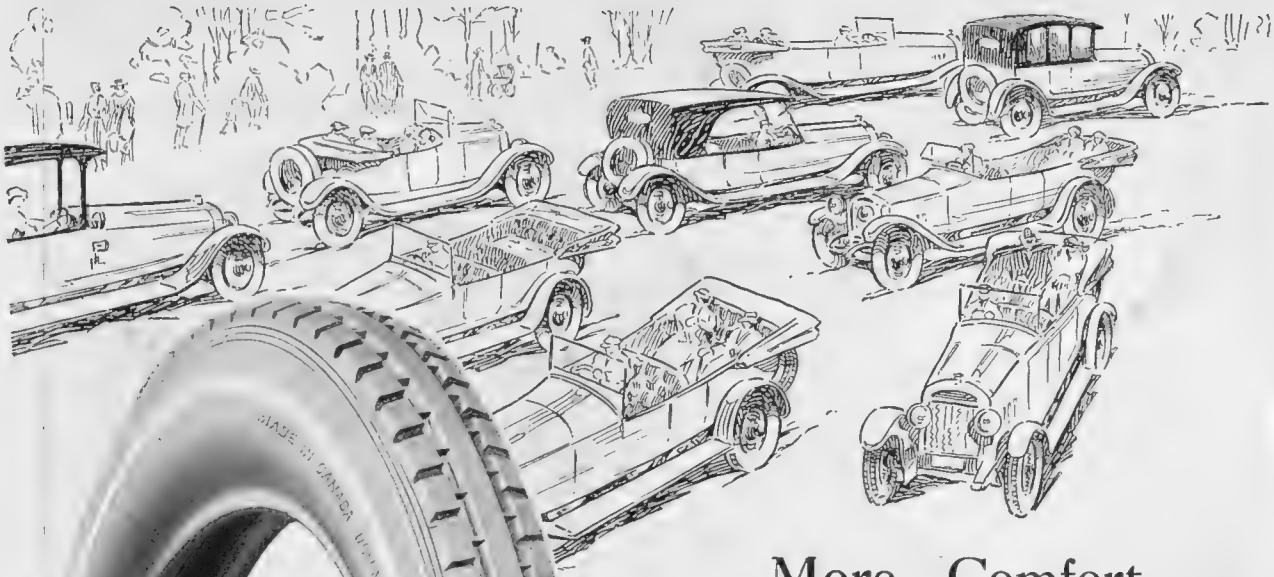
What is more, the King himself will probably be on board, which means that this will be the first occasion on which a reigning Monarch has taken part in a race in the Thames since Charles II and the Duke of York raced their yachts against each other between Greenwich and Gravesend. On the second day the time-honoured "Down Swin" race from Southend to Harwich will be sailed, and in this the King will probably also take part. Now that *Britannia* has been restored to her original racing trim her doings will be followed with even greater interest than before. Indeed, the racing in the "big" class as a whole promises to be exceptionally keen.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

INTERNATIONAL BOWLS—MEASURING THE "WOODS"

In the first Test Match between the New Zealand bowlers now touring in this country and England. It was played at Muswell Hill on Whit Monday, when England won after a great struggle by 99 to 86. Mr. D. Irvine Watson, the England captain, is seen on the extreme left of the picture



More Comfort
with
Less Air Pressure
on
Dominion Royal Cords

ON every journey riding ease is *the* thing. In Dominion Royal Cord Tyres the "one-way multiple cord construction" is made up of layers of fine cords laid diagonally over each other, and *all running—the same way.* Each cord is separated from its neighbours by rubber solution, thus internal friction—the cause of most tyre trouble—is eliminated, for since there are no cross-woven cords, as in fabric tyres, chafing is impossible.

This construction, besides giving enormous strength, allows of low air pressure—for every Dominion Royal Cord Tyre requires 5 lb. less pressure to the square inch than any fabric tyre of the same size. This gives riding ease without chance of damage to the tyre.

And there is no need to carry tyre levers; straight side tyres are easy to mount and demount without their use.

For Greater Riding Ease
fit Dominion Royal Cord Tyres

Dominion Tyres are made in Canada, at Kitchener, Ontario.

United States Rubber Company, Ltd.
47-48 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

LIVERPOOL	BIRMINGHAM	GLASGOW
41-55 Wapping	6 Temple Row	48-50 Cadogan St.

Dominion Tyres are Good Tyres

"The Peep Show"

By Victor Hicks

A bright little Revue in which moon-madness plays a large part, to say nothing of Stanley Lupino, who ties himself, together with a few friends, to the wrong end of a squib and shoots the moon. Having scored a bull he descends again, much to the Hippodrome management's great relief. Here he is trying to find his way "Down Dickens Street" in the dark, in other words, Will He Fall or Was He Pushed?

BY APPOINTMENT

Presents
FOR MEN.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's Jewellery for men is exclusive in character and possesses the quiet elegance that marks high quality.
A comprehensive selection is available, and the prices are most moderate.
A Catalogue sent post free on application.

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.
112, REGENT ST.
LONDON. W.1.

NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

A Leading Favourite

Huntley & Palmers Nice Biscuits

Sweet, with the delicious flavour of fresh cocoanuts. Excellent for afternoon tea.

CHILDREN LOVE THEM

Delightful as the town after which they are named.

"ARIADNE" GARDEN SEAT.

Depth of seat, 1 ft. 7 in., height of back, 2 ft. 9 in. Length 5 ft., price £6 17 6d. Length 6 ft., price £8 5s. Footboard 5 ft., price, 15s. Footboard 6 ft., price 18s. Made in any length to match the seat 10 in. wide, at 3s. per foot.

Motto hand-carved on rail, £2 2s. 6d. *extra.*

A Charming Seat for your Garden

Read the Motto: "The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden,
Than anywhere else on earth."

This beautiful Garden Seat, the "ARIADNE," is made by the Hughes Bolckow craftsmen from the fine old Teak-wood of Britain's dismantled Battleships. It will give added charm to any garden, and being weatherproof can be kept out of doors without impairing its natural beauty or utility. This is just one of many charming examples of Garden Furniture made by Hughes Bolckow.

If unable to call at our London Showrooms, please write for "Battleship" Souvenir Booklet and Garden Catalogue, A 16., mentioning "The Bystander."

Kindly note that we despatch goods that are in stock on the same day as order received.

HUGHES·BOLCKOW & CO·LTD
BATTLESHIP WHARF·BLYTH, NORTH'D

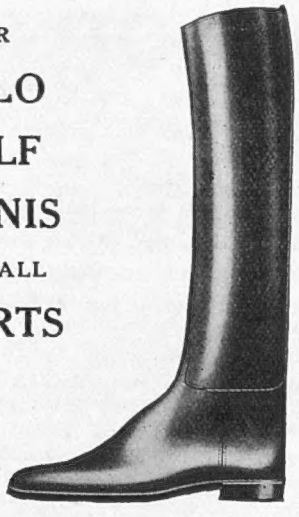
Phone 25. Blyth.
Telegrams: Battleships, Blyth.

Showroom: 10, Dover St., London, W.1. Phone: Regent 2297.

QUALITY FOOTWEAR

FOR

POLO
GOLF
TENNIS
AND ALL
SPORTS



WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLETS ::

Faulkner & Son

SPECIALISTS IN FOOTWEAR · ESTº 1871.

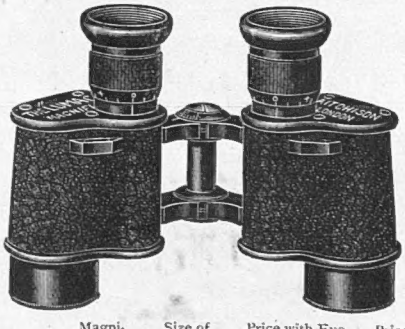
51 & 52, South Molton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. 129, London Road, Camberley, and 26, Trinity Street, Cambridge.

Great Reductions in Prices

AITCHISON'S Prism Binoculars

The Binoculars below are the cheapest first-class glasses in the world. They are made on the scientific formulæ which gained them a world-wide reputation on every battlefield in the war, and there are no glasses to equal them in strength and definition.

Made throughout in our factory in London.

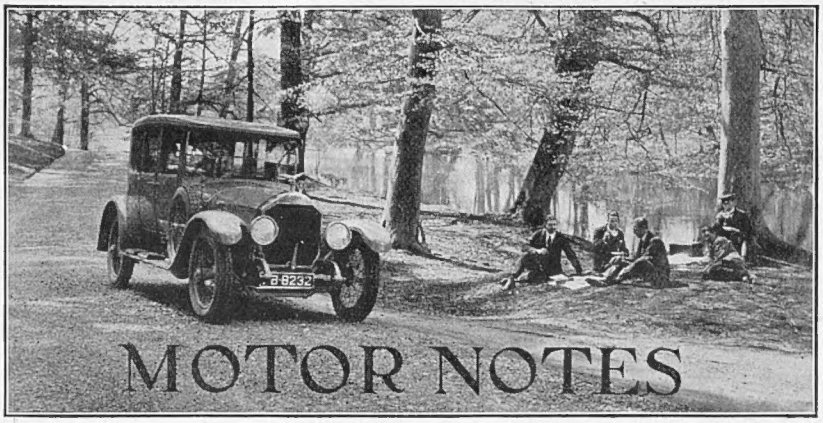


	Magnification.	Size of Object Glass.	Price with Eye-piece Focussing.	Price with Central Focussing.
The Stereo...	x 8	21 mm.	—	£7 15 0
The Lumac... (as illustrated)	x 8	24 ,,	£10 5 0	£11 5 0
The Owl ...	x 6	30 ,,	£11 15 0	£12 15 0
The Owl ...	x 8	30 ,,	—	£13 10 0
The Owl ...	x 12	30 ,,	—	£14 15 0

Prices include best solid leather sling case and lanyard. Call and inspect, or write for Price List No. 10 B

Trade Mark.

AITCHISON & CO., LTD.,
Opticians to the British and Allied Governments.
428, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.
281 Oxford Street, W.1. 121 Cheapside, E.C. 2.
And Branches, LONDON, LEEDS & SWANSEA



MOTOR NOTES

AN ALFRESCO LUNCH

Mr. F. Lionel Rapson, with some friends. The car is a 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier, fitted with the well-known Rapson unpuncturable tyres

Motor cyclists are beginning to pay visits to the Isle of Man for reason of the Senior and Junior Tourist Motor-Cycle Trophies that will be raced for in that island on June 14 and 16, as practising has already started. No doubt, besides the actual sixty or so competitors, there will be many other motoring visitors. These may forgive me reminding them that our heavy car taxes here do not free them for Manxland, as private cars have to pay an additional local tax of thirty shillings for a month or less, and motor-cycle and side-car combinations ten shillings for the same period. Every driver, also, has to be registered, and the charge for this is one shilling. These payments must be made within twenty-four hours of arriving in the island, else the full taxation based on weight has to be paid. As for getting one's car over to the island the best thing to do is to arrange with the R.A.C. or the A.A. to fix up steamboat accommodation at Liverpool for you and your car so that you can drive it there, get it down to the quay before 5 p.m., put it on board, and then travel over that night in the same boat, as the cabins are quite comfortable. This night boat arrives at Douglas early in the morning so that no time is wasted.

* * *

It would appear that neither car-owners nor motor-cyclists have implicit faith in electric lighting sets judging by the great number of the competitors in the M.C.C. London to Edinburgh run on the Friday—Saturday before Whitsun who had fitted and carried both acetylene and oil lamps in case the electrical equipment failed them during their all-night run. At the moment of writing, I have not seen the official report of this trial, but I shall be very surprised if any of these spares were really wanted. To my mind, one might as well never go out without a spare magneto, which is a far more delicate piece of machinery than the ordinary small dynamo and battery lighting-set. Of course, I know "mags" do break down occasionally, but who is it ever troubles to carry a spare? I looked round at Highgate at the start of that London to Edinburgh run to see if any of those connected with the manufacture of these electric lighting sets were present to catch a glimpse at the expression on their faces, but was disappointed not to run across any of them. All the same, I think they must have felt a bit hurt after hearing there were so many "doubting Thomases" in the record entry of 338 for this annual run northward.

* * *

Let us hope that the hint thrown out by Sir Eric Geddes, when he received a deputation from the motor industry recently, will mature in a solid fact. I mean, of course, that in this year's Finance Bill power will be given to reduce the present rate of

(*Continued on page 476*)

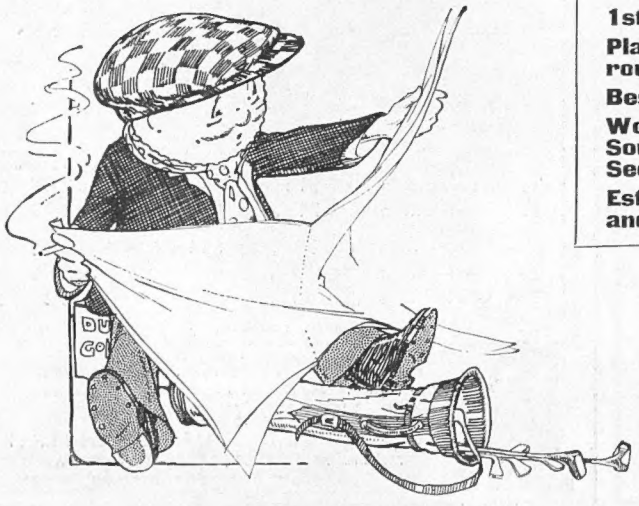
"Daily Mail" £1,000 Tournament

1st and 3rd places secured with the

DUNLOP '162'

(*ONE-SIX-TWO*)

"THE PROFESSIONAL'S CHOICE."



Never has a golf ball so speedily and definitely established its superiority as the DUNLOP '162' in the "Daily Mail" Tournament. Witness the following facts:

1st and 3rd positions secured.

Played by 55% of competitors in final rounds.

Best single round.

Won qualifying rounds in Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western and Scottish Sections.

Established new course records in Eastern and Western Sections.

DUNLOP RUBBER Co., Ltd.,

Golf Ball Department,

KINGSBURY ROAD, TYBURN, BIRMINGHAM.

Tel. Address: "Tyredom, Castle Bromwich."

Telephone - - - - - Erdington 291.

BP

MOTOR SPIRIT

"Best Possible—
They all say the
Same—Sir!"

Put the best possible in your tank and you'll get the best possible out of your car.

British Petroleum Co., Ltd.,
22, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

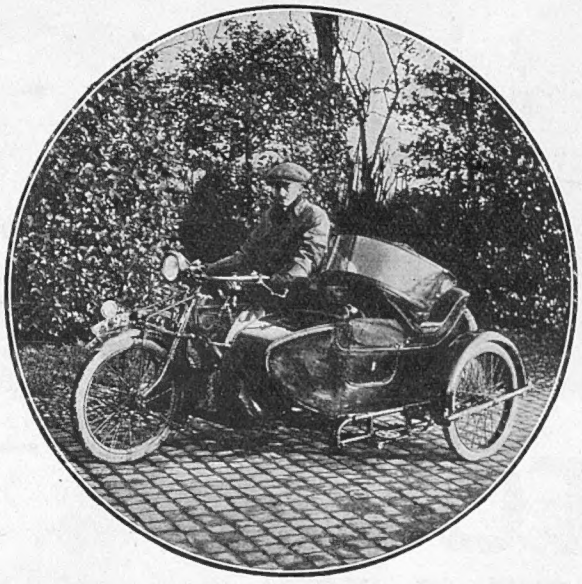
taxation on motor-cars. Considering that the roads are but slowly improving and that the present tarring is ruining the varnish of our carriages, we are really getting very little for the "ten bob a week"—the average car tax—we have deposited in the coffers of the Ministry of Transport. But the chief reason of this deputation was to persuade the authorities to let the car-owner pay his tax for any period *pro rata* in place of the present annual and quarterly precepts. The trade complain that motorists won't buy cars except near the quarterly dates of paying the taxes, so that in place of a steady and continuous business all the year (which they would like) it goes up and down in jumps and starts at these periods.

* *
*

PERHAPS the Ministry will permit payments to be made at the rate of so much a month in order to get quit of these dead periods. Anyway, the new Finance Bill might as well do what it can to help motorists in having a clause inserted on those lines as well as others, such as to permit power alcohol to be made and sold without the present Excise Duty of drinking spirits put upon it. In fact, for once in a while, motorists might look forward in pleasurable anticipation of this Bill in place of fear and trembling to have to cash up more and more. Let's hope it will be less and less this time.

* *
*

REFERRING to spirits, as far as specific gravity is concerned, it is about ten years or more since ·680 gravity petrol has been sold as the ordinary first grade. Before the War ·720 petrol was the usual juice found in the green or red cans. Now it is about ·725, which is not so much inferior as far as specific gravity goes, but whereas the boiling point of the first fractions going over the still were, say, 100 deg. Centigrade and the final fractions boiled at 110 deg. Cent., now, though the first lot boils at 100 deg. Cent., the last and generally the greater bulk, goes over at, say, 120 deg. to 130 deg. Cent., so you get a very much less volatile spirit than formerly.



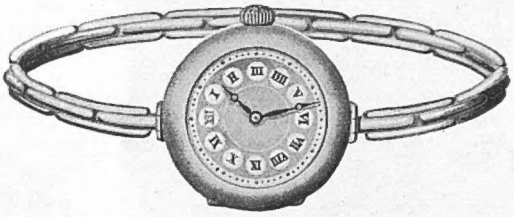
OFF FOR A SPIN.
A Royal Ruby motor bicycle and sidecar, fitted with Dunlop tyres, prior to a tour

* *
*

HENCE the trouble of starting up from cold, which a great number of car-owners complain about nowadays. In fact, petrol that distilled at an average boiling point of, say, 110 deg. Cent., was a better fuel than that whose average was 115 deg. Cent., though the latter might be coloured pink to show it was first quality and the other blue as second, because it started bubbling at a lower temperature to begin with. I am afraid colour will not help getting quality, and in any kind of circumstances whatever, while there are quite a lot of reasons why it might do a lot of harm. OLD HY.

Charles Packer & Co Ltd.
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

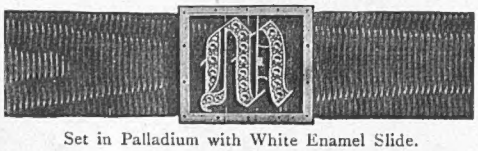
GOLD WATCH BRACELET
SPECIAL VALUE.



15 Jewel Lever Movement in Strong Gold Case Mounted on Gold Expanding "Britannic" Band

£7 7 0
Complete in Case.

DIAMOND INITIAL RIBBON WRISTLET



Set in Palladium with White Enamel Slide.

Every letter from A to Z in Stock.

All £4 10 0 each.

New Illustrated Catalogue of Jewellery and Silverware sent free on request.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

It is an easy matter to erect a shed in a few hours

by using Lysaght's Globe Brand galvanized corrugated sheets. THEIR ADAPTABILITY IS SURPRISING.
With a dozen sheets and a few nails an area of about two hundred square feet can be covered in at the minimum of cost and trouble.

LYSAGHT'S
"GLOBE" Brand
GALVANIZED
CORRUGATED SHEETS

Take advantage of the considerably
REDUCED PRICE
by using them more extensively to shelter your stock and protect your crops.
The GLOBE Brand is the guaranteed quality, made to give
YEARS OF SERVICE.

Manufactured by JOHN LYSAGHT, LIMITED, and obtainable from all ironmongers.
Made up to 12 feet in length, to cover 2 feet in width, in various thicknesses.